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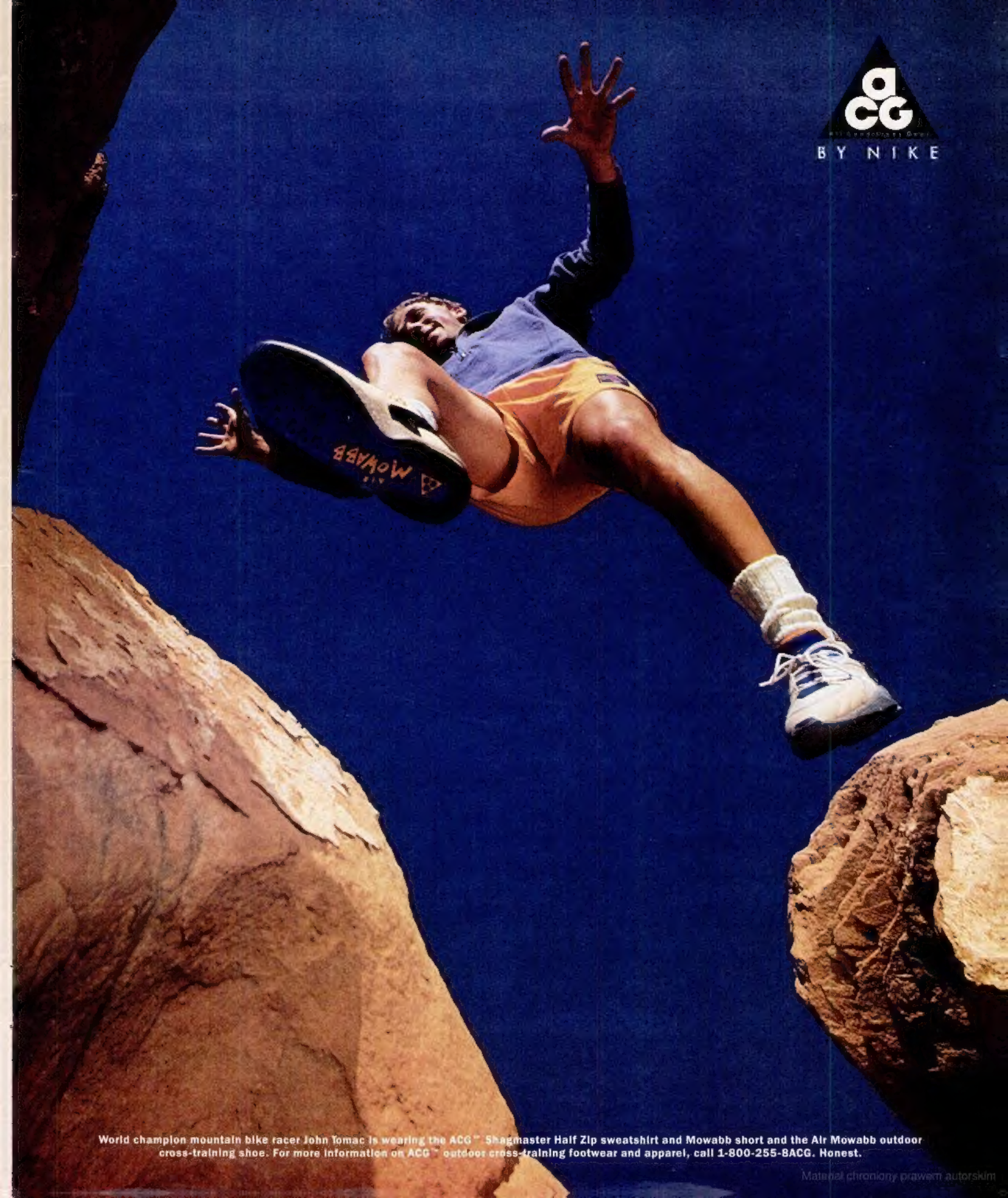

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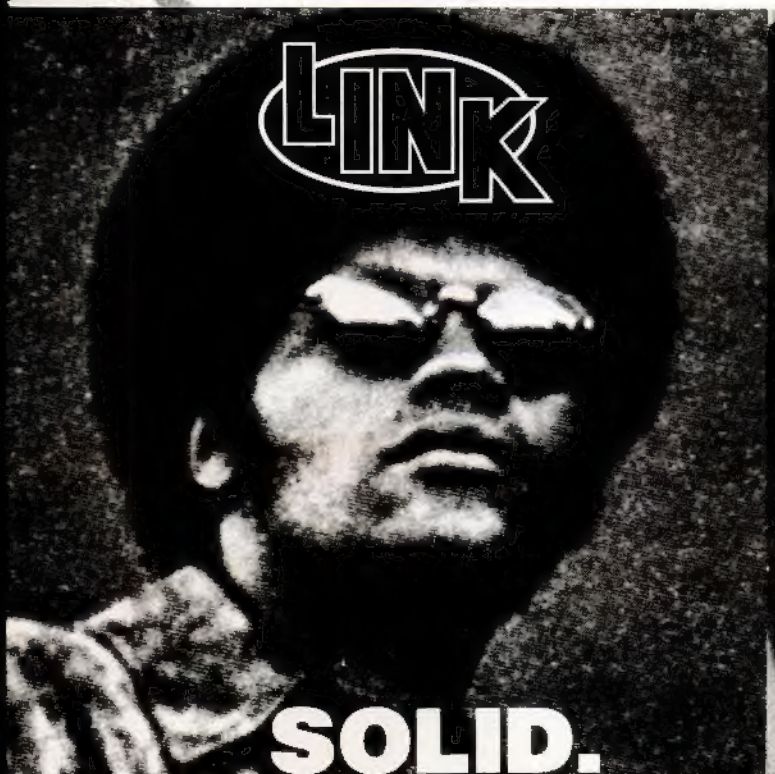

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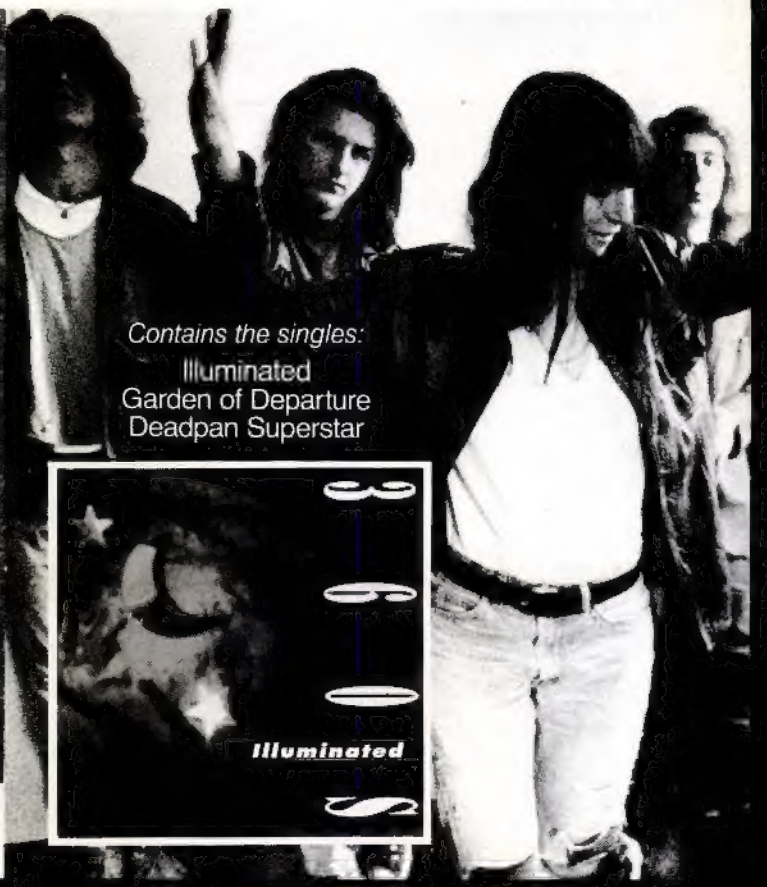

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Precious Metal, page 42.
Metallica, not content with having remade metal in its own image, has produced the first definitive hard-rock statement since Led Zeppelin. Are they selling out or buying in? By Bob Mack.
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RDP D 3
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Volume 7, Number 7
October 1991

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46 Striking Black Rap's fiercest group has its roots in the parties and college radio scene of suburban Long Island. Back in the days when Chuck D was a cartoonist, cultural leadership was the farthest thing from his mind. By Scott Poulson-Bryant.

50 Do You Believe in Pixies? Lyrically oblique and musically astringent, the Boston-bred Pixies are poised to parlay European adulation into U.S. dollars. By Mark Blackwell.

54 All-Day Sucker Lollapalooza, Perry Farrell's well-meaning Woodstock on Wheels, did boffo box-office this summer. An unlikely cast of idiots and savants proved that yesterday's alternative is today's mainstream. By Mark Blackwell and Jim Greer.

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74 Triumphant Prong has citified suburban industrial thrash to great acclaim in Europe. Maybe now they'll be able to get some respect at home. By Steve Martin.

77 Cult of Personality Once a whimsical Euro-popper, Ministry's troubled leader Al Jourgensen now traffics in some of the most punishing dance beats around. By Steven Blush.

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Cover and above photographs by Darran Keith.

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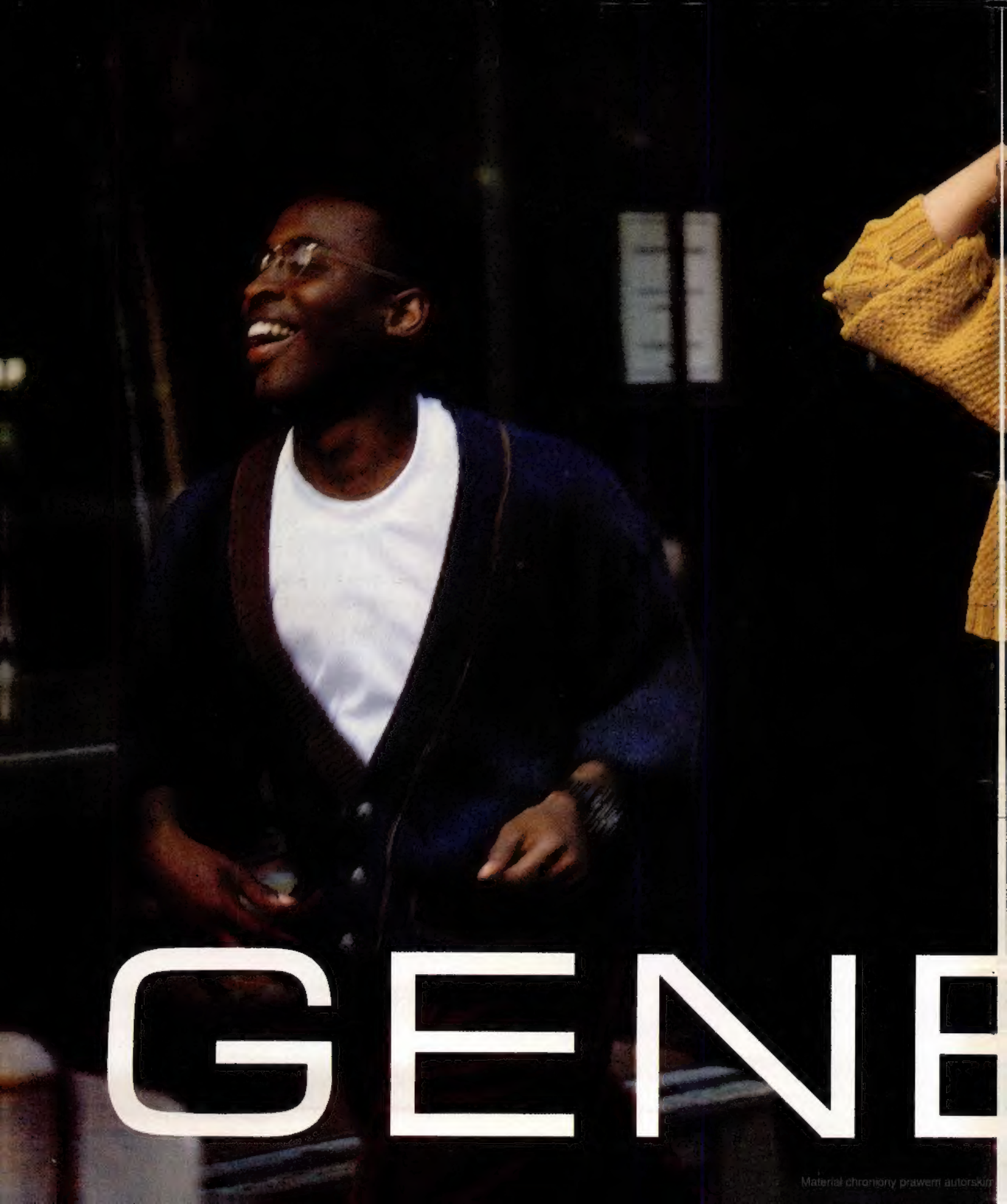

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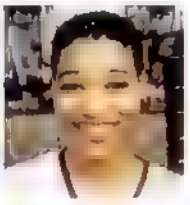
TALE SPINNERS

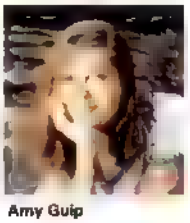
Contributing Editor and stadium rock revisionist **Bob Mack** was surprised to find himself a fan of Metallica (*page 42*) and their new album. "I expected them to be dumb and mean but they were smart and cool. And they also like Jethro Tull." • "Who ever said Metallica was easy to handle?" asks photographer **Darren Keith**, who lensed both Metallica and hip hop producer/artist Marley Marl this month. • You first followed intrepid reporters **Mark Blackwell** and **Jim Greer** on their excellent adventure with R.E.M. in March 1991. Now watch the sequel as Mark and Jim find themselves in a bogus journey to hell (at least it's hot there) and back with the moveable feast called Lollapalooza (*page 54*). Asked if they had any remarkably witty quips for this page, one or the other of them heartily responded, "No." • In this month's Antihero (*page 84*), SPIN's **Celia Farber** continues her discussion with Camille Paglia, America's hottest cultural chainsaw-massacre star. • **Joan Morgan** wanted to write about A Tribe Called Quest (*page 64*) "because I had the hunch that Q-Tip, in contrast to his wild reputation, was a mellow poet dude who grew up scribbling lots of unread verses and getting teased about his passion for AM-radio music. I was right." Morgan also writes for the *Village Voice*, *Essence*, and the *New York Times*. • **Lega McNeil** visits literary outlaw William S. Burroughs at his home in Lawrence, Kansas (*page 68*). • On this month's Backpage, Special Projects Editor **Dean Christopher** explains how to become incredibly cool with an instant ten-minute makeover, because *instant* is what America does best (*page 112*). Dean also goes Hollywood in this issue to check out the women of *American Gladiators* (*page 59*). "If they'd shown gladiators like these in my Latin book, I'd be a classsical scholar by now. Maybe even a cardinal." • **Amy Gulp**, whose work has appeared in *L.A. Style*, *Sports Illustrated*, and *Mother Jones*, illustrated this month's Platter du Jour, Soundgarden's *Badmotorfinger* (*page 97*), with a surreal photo montage that perfectly captures the band that pioneered the "Seattle sound."

Darren Keith

Jim Greer and Mark Blackwell


Joan Morgan

Dean Christopher


Amy Gulp

Employee of the Month is Rita Malatesta, Advertising Research Director. Rita knows your shoe size, your favorite beer, and your preferred breakfast cereal.

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TOP SPIN

Rest assured Public Enemy's Flavor Flav knows what time it is. Our PE article begins on page 46.

Through the gap between the curtains I saw the beach attendant walking to the beach. He carried a thick pile of yellow towels over his right shoulder. It was early and there was no one else around. His sandals made a scraping sound as he walked, like the sound of a bricklayer spreading mortar with his trowel.

Then I heard the clicks of the umbrella being opened and in my narrow view I saw a few of their bright yellow and white heads fan out against the bright blue sea. In the middle of the night, unable to sleep, I had sat on the terrace and watched the gently sleeping dark sea and listened to its even breathing, and thought that the neat row of closed umbrellas resembled a line of exotic flowers that only opened in sunlight. And now, as the attendant rebuilt the daily beach illusion, I saw that that was true.

What is the difference between illusion and reality? That question has haunted every thinking person since the beginning of thinking. It's the riddle of a greater and older sphinx. It's an impossible and seductive question. And I believe that, like so many of life's unravelable mysteries, its answer, if there is one, is irrelevant. Because like twins dressing up in each other's clothes and assuming each other's identities to amuse themselves and fool others, illusion and reality are often interchangeable.

Far more meaningful I think is the space between illusion and reality, because lurking in that invisible corridor is the source of all our fears. It's the place where all our nightmares are born. We can intellectualize the dimensions of the universe and the origin of life, but we can't understand or control love, or believe it. At the core to all our feelings and actions is invariably at least the ingredient of fear. We are driven, haunted and enchanted by this one overriding thing: that we fear what we hope is real will turn out not to be. That it is just a cruel deception, a trick of the light.

Someone very wise once said: "Insecurity is the Fountain of Youth." That fear powers, like a tireless dynamo, empires and religions, and every humble citizen of each. Curiosity drives mankind but I believe insecurity drives curiosity.

I saw *Truth or Dare* out of professional obligation rather than compelling interest. The hype surrounding it, and the discourse following its release, seemed to accentuate the hollowness the hype was trying to disguise. My skepticism was not entirely unfounded—the movie is hollow. But its being flawed (being hollow is pretty much a flaw) is what I found so interesting, and so revealing about Madonna, a cultural phenomenon built and sustained on, I think, great sadness and fear.

As cinema, *Truth or Dare* is alternatively annoying and boring, as bleak as the black-and-white cinematography too rarely relieved by the superb, riveting concert footage, shot in color, the film's ephemeral moments of entertainment. As a conscious attempt to document what Madonna is really like, it failed, because it was dishonest. Madonna talking about being finger-fucked by her girlfriend when they were children, or giving head to a water bottle, or leaving in the scene where Warren Beatty sarcastically asks why would Madonna want to say anything if the cameras weren't on, doesn't make the film honest. They are clever, calculated tricks to give the impression of complete disclosure, like manmade scratches on fake leather. Nonetheless, it's skilled counterfeitcy: The scene where Madonna makes the gagging motion after meeting Kevin Costner, because it is not flattering to her, which she is more than smart enough to know, suggests at first the honesty to allow that obnoxious side to be seen. But then you remember *she* knows, while she's making fun of Costner, that she will be in control of the final image. Costner has been sucked in as a prop. Madonna's acting.

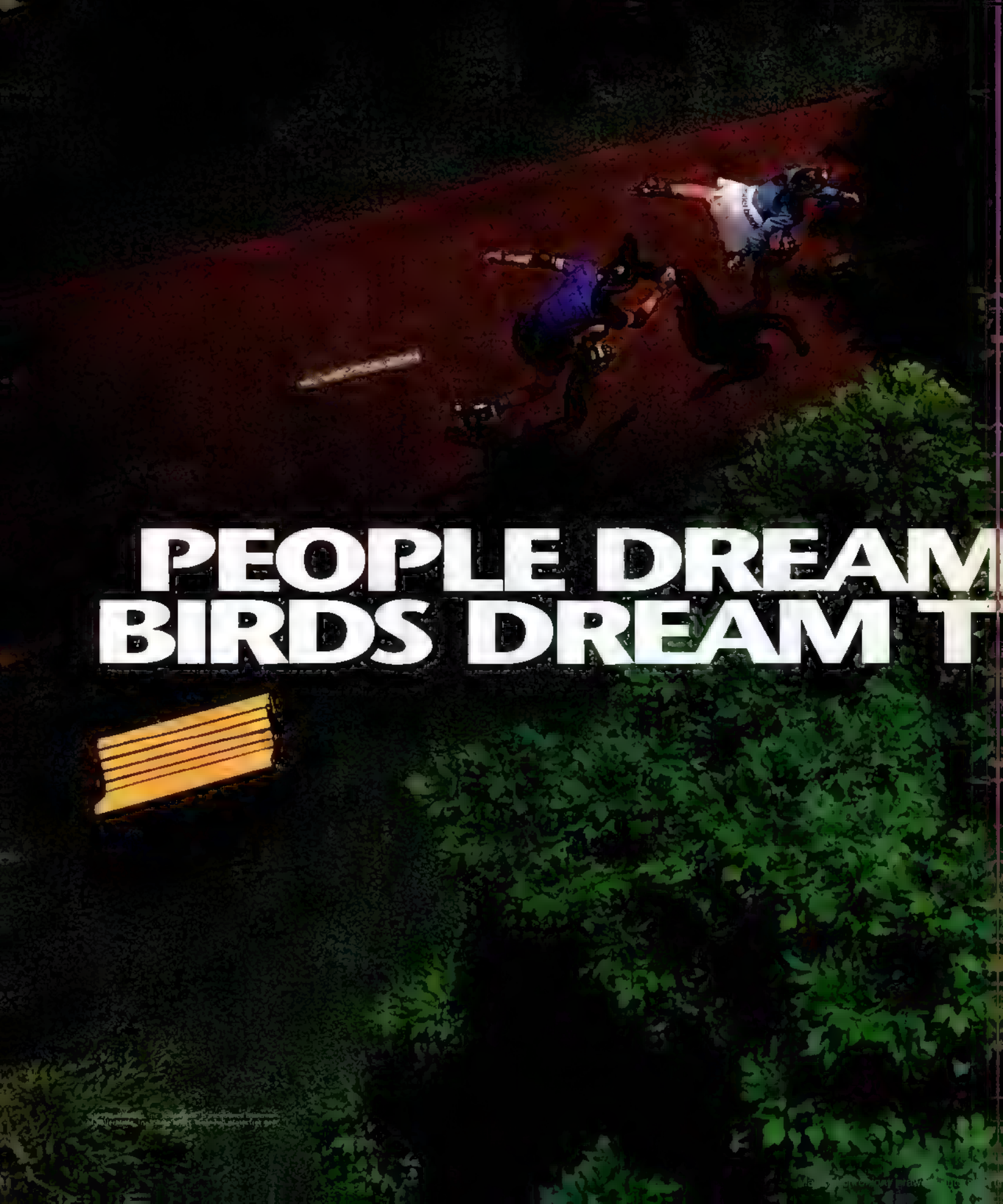
But as an unconscious, unintended portrait of a person who has made herself significant because she made herself into a huge industry, the movie revealed her nakedly. Despite the heaped artifice to invent the illusion of complexity, the movie is vapid and exposes the true emptiness in Madonna's life. Not the "loneliness-at-the-top" papier-mâché mythology the producers were trying to create, to evince the guilt and sympathy that we are supposed to feel, as if it's all *our* fault. No, the real emptiness of someone so lost, so far out to sea that hope of ever returning to remembered shores is completely gone, and there now only remains the waiting to see if she will ever land anywhere. She created that movie like the Wizard of Oz created his mask. The need was as great and ultimately it was as doomed to fail to keep up the deception

For whatever reasons, Madonna seems sad, unfulfilled. She may be happy in many ways, but clearly there is a huge unresolvedness about her, and whatever that is drives her to distance herself from it. It's easy to be glib about Madonna—she hides under superficial impressions of herself like a child lying perfectly still under a sheet, pretending to be asleep. Her movie was an attempt to build the mountain of her own mythology even higher, to make herself even more unreachable. And it was full of false clues, red herrings to confound her imagined pursuers. The image of her as tough bitch, her central costume, is, in the end, no more convincing than the Wizard of Oz's booming voice. The image is meant to deflect scrutiny for fear that her fears, which are probably so similar to our fears, will become visible. Likewise her projection of herself as someone so sexually liberated that she might sleep with all her dancers (as depicted in the scene near the end where she rolls around in bed with each of them separately and then all of them together)—in the end it's all just one big, sexless, slumber party. The bottom line, illustrates the movie, is Madonna is a fairy-tale queen surrounded by her faithful eunuchs.

Truth or Dare was a public therapy session. But Madonna lied to her therapist: us, the public. She made up stories about herself to hide her real horrors. Her horrors are probably no worse than yours or mine, she just thinks they are. Her horrors are our horrors. The fuel of human existence.

—Bob Guccione, Jr.

JESSE FROHMAN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POINT BLANK LETTERS

EDITED BY

NATHANIEL WICE

Cover Me

Yes! Paul Westerberg is the soul and the "heal" of rock'n'roll! I let out a little whimper of love, audible to the grinning magazine vendor, when I spotted him on the newsstand.

I've only been listening to the Replacements for a few years, and I've been to only one of their shows, but it was clearly the best show (Ritz, 1991), topping even the Pogues (Roseland, 1988). And it is because of Westerberg's songs, and poetic rage, and love. He said this issue wouldn't sell with him on the cover. Ha! That's why I bought it.

I've rarely bought an issue of SPIN, fool that I am. Your reporters are great, funny, astute. They are from both genders! They're good with language—a rarity these days. Thank you for being here.

Amy Holman
New York, New York

I must admit I was surprised to see Paul Westerberg on the cover of the August issue, but I was even more surprised to see that he was wearing a shirt exactly like one I have hanging in my closet. See, this is where it's at: The true rockers shop at Kohl's. The poseurs of the rock world should take note.

Richard Hell
Plymouth, Michigan

I received my August issue of your magazine in the mail today, and tears swelled in my eyes when I saw the cover.

Lena Linantud
Baltimore, Maryland

I bought the issue because Paul Westerberg was on the cover. Big blond hair and tits do not interest me, but the promise of an interview with an amazing musician and songwriter got me hooked.

Michele M. Schafer
Washington, D.C.

The August issue was your best ever. Paul Westerberg was dead wrong when he assumed his face on the cover would not sell a magazine.

Ashley Gillespie
Sioux City, Iowa

The cover is going on my wall, framed!

Jackie Mitchell
Palm Beach, Florida

Everyone loves Paul Westerberg.

The naming of Paul Westerberg as the bearer of the soul of rock'n'roll torch only proves that SPIN's aesthetic is largely a nostalgic one, and that the idea that fuels music "criticism" at this point is ultimately just as pot-bellied, inane, and woozy as the one that fuels *thirtysomething*, *The Wonder Years*, and the Miss America pageant.

This idea about "rock'n'roll" you guys drool over is, in 1991, strictly a daydream for the middle-aged and for those young people who've been conned by the middle-aged media machine. But, youth of America, take note: There's nothing tough, cool, youthful, or admirable about mooning and mooing lecherously in the general direction of the past.

Craig Wright
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Bad Trip?

A guide to fast-food restaurants in Tulsa? An admission that Celia Farber "will barely walk ten blocks" to see a concert, even with free tickets? (Give me some of those, Celia!) Richard Hell's cheap thrills and gastronomic delights? It seems to me that SPIN is getting middle-aged and pretentious, even pseudomystical. What *was* all that crap about the "soul of rock'n'roll"? This was the first issue of SPIN I'd read in ten months, having just returned from

JESSE FROHMAN

"I went to see the doctor today. He poked a little. Probed a little. And lectured a lot. Everything was okay until he came to my ears. Turned out they needed cleaning. When the nurse finished, it was pretty amazing. I could hear every squeak from

her rubber soles. And every scratch of the pen as I wrote them out a check I knew I couldn't possibly cover. On the way home I flipped on my car stereo and cranked it up. Unbelievable. It was like I was hearing it for the very first time. Those speakers

are gone in the morning."

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England (home of lots of awful indie-dance crossover bands and their music-press fan clubs), and I was looking forward to the same imaginative, insightful, energetic, and extensive coverage of the alternative/underground music scene that I had remembered. I didn't get that, but at least I now know where to eat next time I'm in Tulsa.
Ryan Tranquilla
Latrobe, Pennsylvania

AAAAAAAAUUUUUUUGH! What was Farber doing at Bentley's in the first place? Why is it that, when looking for the soul of rock'n'roll, her first stop was Pizza Hut? This becomes an even more intriguing question when you consider that Pizza Hut is owned by PepsiCo, manufacturers of Pepsi-Cola, makers of the commercial that convinced SPIN's editor that rock'n'roll was gasping for air and started this whole silly search for the soul of rock'n'roll.

The fact is, Indianapolis is like many cities in America: On the surface, Farber's cat appears dead here, but if you're only looking on the surface, then you're not looking for the soul. Scratch a little bit deeper and there you will find musicians like the one to whom Farber spoke, fans who listen to his music and that of local and nationally known bands like his, and people who appreciate good music and catharsis-inducing lyrics. For us the cat jumps with wicked delight. We are here. You just have to look for us. Farber never tried.
Mike Aldrich
Franklin, Indiana

Search?! Celia Farber's stroll through Indianapolis sounded more like an exercise in clock-punching.

If rock'n'roll was that easy to find it would mean no more than . . . a beer commercial. Every town has its share of lame-ass scenes. My band plays jive-ass Jane's Addiction and Pixies covers (and Led Zeppelin) by day and makes its own records under cover of darkness. We live for the few times each night that we can foist one of our not-so-politically-correct originals on the legion Buffys and Biffs out Michelob-ing the night away.

Indianapolis has no Bourbon Street. Here you have to read between the lines. But I thought that that's what rock'n'roll is all about.
John Byrne
Mere Mortals
Bloomington, Indiana

Soul Searching

Would you guys please relax. You talk about the death of rock'n'roll and how MTV is a leading contributor to this. But if you turn off MTV (and WNEW here in New York) long enough you'll see—it's in Warrior Soul. Every time lead singer Kory Clarke sings "We are the government," the fingers on my right hand almost involuntarily clench into a fist. And as I pump this fist into the air, I imagine Ted Nugent's face (and others of his phony flag-waving ilk) on the other end.
Vito Bratta
Staten Island, New York

This is the soul of rock'n'roll:

I was at a Dead Boys reunion show at the Phantasy in Cleveland in 1987 and I was all in leather and Jeff was all in leather and he came up to me and kissed me forever like nobody else ever can or will and placed a little pistol necklace (like Nancy Spungen used to wear) around my neck and kissed me again and said, "I love you," and I wanna live that moment forever.
Donna Shimko
Cleveland, Ohio

Your August issue was a very enjoyable one. It seems that your staff and I have been on the same assignment.
William T. Rosado
Carbondale, Illinois

You probably won't agree, but the soul of rock'n'roll is, by all accounts, a white man's term.
Danny Lowey
Norfolk, Virginia

Little Furry Friends

Lucky for you, Mr. Greer, there are jobs in this world for which you need no skills, qualifications, knowledge, or ability to think. Music critic has to be at the top of this list. Still, your latest review of the Psychedelic Furs, *World Outside* [July '91], is a tribute to your ignorance and the fact that you haven't heard the album.
Lori Mulholland
Phoenix, Arizona

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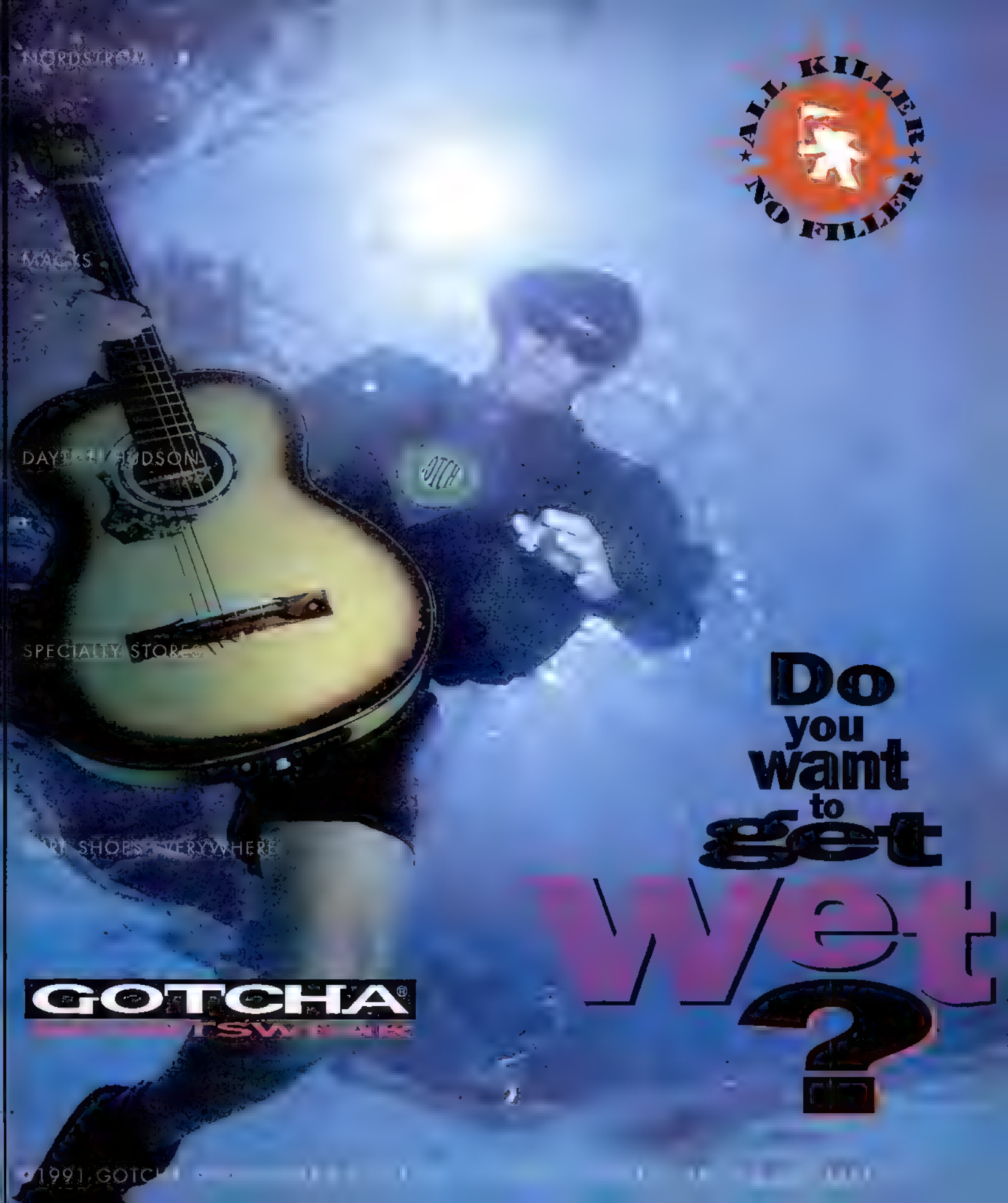
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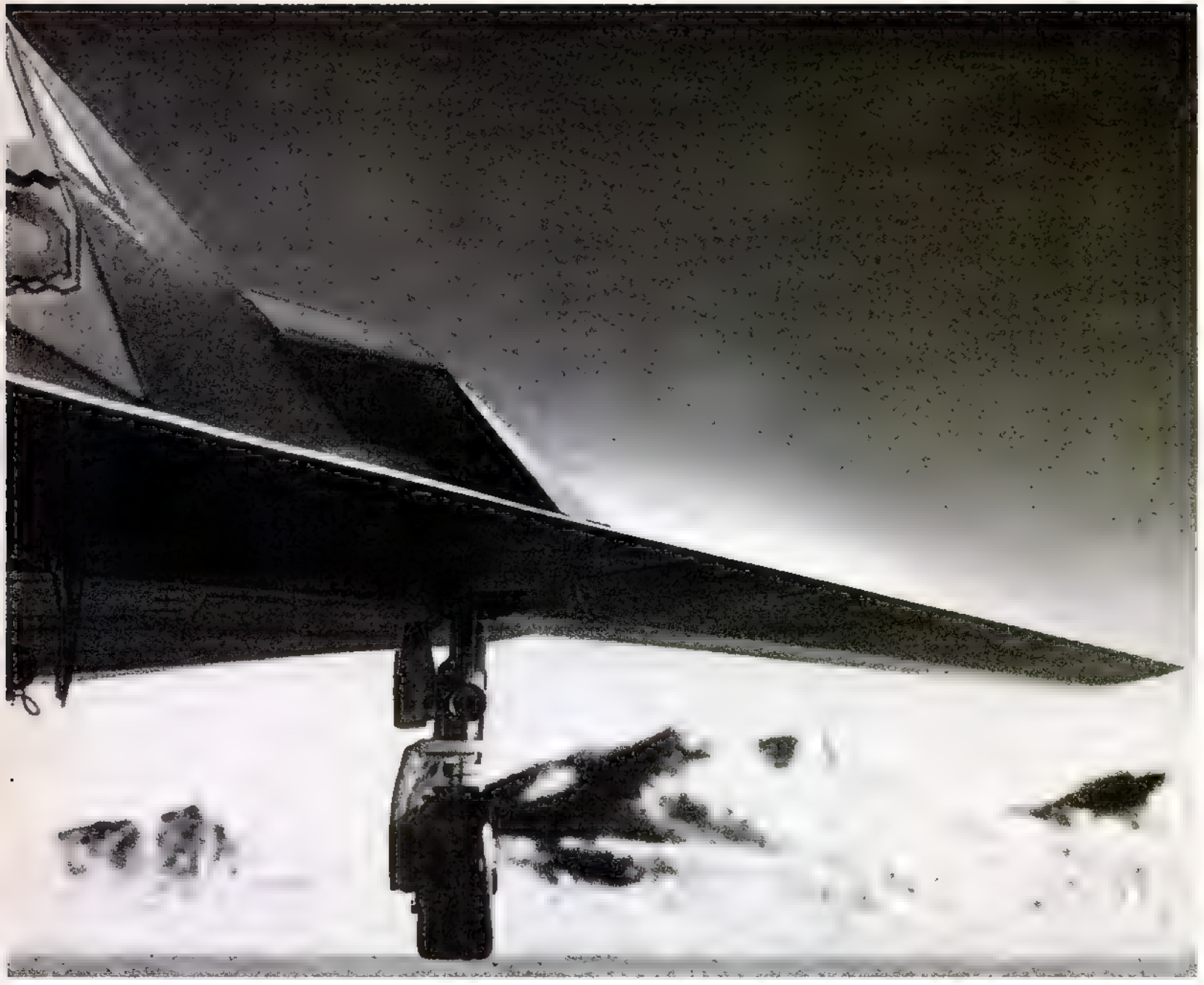

E, THE SMALLER THE WINDOWS.

of Type II tapes, they rated XLII-S, "Head, shoulders and torso above the rest."

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rockin' with robyn

As Robyn Hitchcock gets older, Robyn Hitchcock gets better. Coming soon to a radio near you?

Robyn Hitchcock is back with a new album called *Perspex Island*, proving that a rock musician can grow old gracefully. Regarding himself more as a songwriter than a comme il faut rock'n'roller, Hitchcock has moved far from the days of his Soft Boys when perfect pop songs were executed onstage by a louder-than-God rock'n'roll band.

The past decade saw a slew of Hitchcock solo albums. Among them two diametrically opposite all-acoustic releases, 1984's *I Often Dream of Trains* and 1990's *Eye*. Where the former is about death and the latter about life in transition, both discs speak of emotion in a way that makes you return to them over and over. His electric records have also made him a critic's favorite and given him a horde of almost frighteningly loyal fans. This year we find a man who might be politely knocking on the door of record-buying middle America. Longtime fans and friends R.E.M. have become household names, so why not Hitchcock?

The Robyn Hitchcock of today isn't the Barrett-esque madcap master of the endless psychedelic monologue he used to be. He's tuned it down a little and comes across more like that English teacher you really dug in college who'd keep you spellbound with stories while he handed you your 400-page summer assignment. Hitchcock has some really wise things to say about himself, life, and the craft of songwriting:

"For a long time I would rather have been Syd Barrett or Bob Dylan than me. It's taken about half my life to actually stagger into accepting being Robyn Hitchcock. My aim now is to write songs that have emotion. But then the problem of language comes in. I think we all speak different languages. Robert Johnson influenced people like the Stones and Zeppelin, but the fans of those bands wouldn't necessarily understand Johnson. Similarly, you might hear a piece of Tibetan music that is breathtaking when you get to know it, but at first it'll just sound like static. There is no given emotional language except maybe babies howling or sexual grunts."

Hitchcock's new *Perspex Island* (Perspex being a Plexiglas-like product in the U.K.) is basic where 1989's *Queen Elvis* was baroque: "The record is a very human record. I tried to avoid using unearthly powers except for the producer. It's probably a pretty fair representation of Robyn Hitchcock and the Egyptians since we didn't have to sit around and balance ourselves out. Paul Fox did that as the producer. On record we were never a rock band before, it was more like us drawing a diagram for you to color in yourself. We did a lot of rehearsals on this one to keep it from sounding like a blueprint."

As a lyricist, Hitchcock has created a niche of his own in the world of rock, being gifted with the verbal and imaginative equivalent of an epileptic fit. His live gigs have been attended as much for the music as for the extended banter between songs, and his lyrics have covered some exhaustingly bizarre topics. But according to Hitchcock, he's moving away from some of the weirdness. "This one has fewer defense mechanisms than the others," he says. "I don't fly away into Robyn the Crazy Limey Eccentric. Some people love it when I do that and some don't, but I don't really fly away on this one. It's more emotional. I can see this being the album that replaces Fleetwood Mac's *Rumours* as the one that everyone has lying around in their station-wagon cassette player."

Let's do it. And after we've replaced *Rumours* with the new Robyn Hitchcock album, let's go on. Replace Steppenwolf with Urge Overkill, Pink Floyd with Spacemen 3, and James Taylor with Mark Eitzel. Who needs classic rock anyway?

JOHAN KUGELBERG

KEVIN WESTENBERG

Robyn Hitchcock. Coming at things from a new Perspex-tive.

Daddy Longhead *Cheatos* (Touch and Go). A wonderfully noisy side project of Butthole Surfer bassist Jeff Pinkus, also featuring such luminaries as Rey Washam of Scratch Acid and TAD, Jim Yongue of Waste King Universal, Richie Turner of Agony Column, and fellow Buttholes Paul Leary and King Coffey. Worth checking out just for the grungy version of the Allman classic "Whipping Post." (Blackwell)

Naughty by Nature *Naughty by Nature* (Tommy Boy). Straight outta Jersey with enough hooks to lift East Coast rap out of it's Atlantic-wide malaise, these guys ruff it and tuff it with street brio. Kudos to Latifah for bringing these guys to light (and for her sister reggae turn on the fierce dancehall rap "Wickedest Man Alive"). I'm definitely down with "O P P,"—you will be too. (Poulson-Bryant)

Bob Wills and His Texas Playboys *Anthology (1935–1973)* (Rhino). While "Take Me Back to Tulsa" isn't a sentiment I'm likely to echo anytime soon, this two-CD collection contains so many Western swing gems, I'm tempted to create some fond memories of my recent trip there. These legendary Tulsans (transplanted from Texas) may not have been the progenitors of this style, but they were unquestionably among its finest practitioners. (Greer)

HEAVY ROTATION

STAFF SELECTIONS

A Tribe Called Quest *The Low End Theory* (Jive). This is so good that we can all finally admit that the debut *People's Instinctive Travels and the Paths of Rhythm* wasn't really. (I dare you to listen straight through the whole thing.) The Low End Theory is very bass-ic. On "Jazz" Q-Tip's "laid-back tongue" rolls over wonderfully contrived jazz roots, while Phife rocks the mike right on "Buggin' Out." (Wice)

Grand Funk Railroad *More of the Best* (Rhino). Long before Mark Farner became a Christian rocker, his band Grand Funk Railroad rolled out of Flint, Michigan, and changed the face of rock. This definitive discography contains selections ranging from the awesome seven-and-a-half-minute "Paranoid" to the sadly overproduced "Still Waitin'." A trip back to the days before rock was so categorized—it was just plain hard. (Spencer)

Various Artists *Pre-Moon Syndrome* (Sun Dog Propaganda). A live, week-long "summer of noise" celebration at our capital's legendary club d.c. space with bands like the Honeymoon Killers, Pagans, Holy Rollers, Unrest, and Reverb Motherfuckers giving sweaty, passionate performances. Baltimore's Lungfish easily cleans house with its stirring, simple ballad, "Nothing Is Easy." Leaves you wondering why you weren't lucky enough to grow up in D.C. Or at least visit more often. (Fidler)

From left: Ricky Lee Phelps, Doug Phelps, Fred Young, Richard Young, and Greg Martin.

KENTUCKY FRIED KICKIN'

"We gonna play the Carpenters' greatest hits tonight," says Greg Martin, lead guitarist for the Kentucky HeadHunters, before the band opens a Hank Williams, Jr., show at Atlanta's Omni Coliseum. "What about the one where we bring Stonehenge down?" offers drummer Fred Young, tugging at his 12-inch sideburns. Richard Young, Fred's brother and the group's rhythm guitarist, adds, "I'm gonna wear one of them furry fright wigs and some Spandex!"

It's no surprise these hillbillies are keeping things light. Playing their brand of hard rock and blues to die-hard country crowds is serious business: In certain circles of the South, about all *multiculturalism* means is french fries and Eskimo Pies.

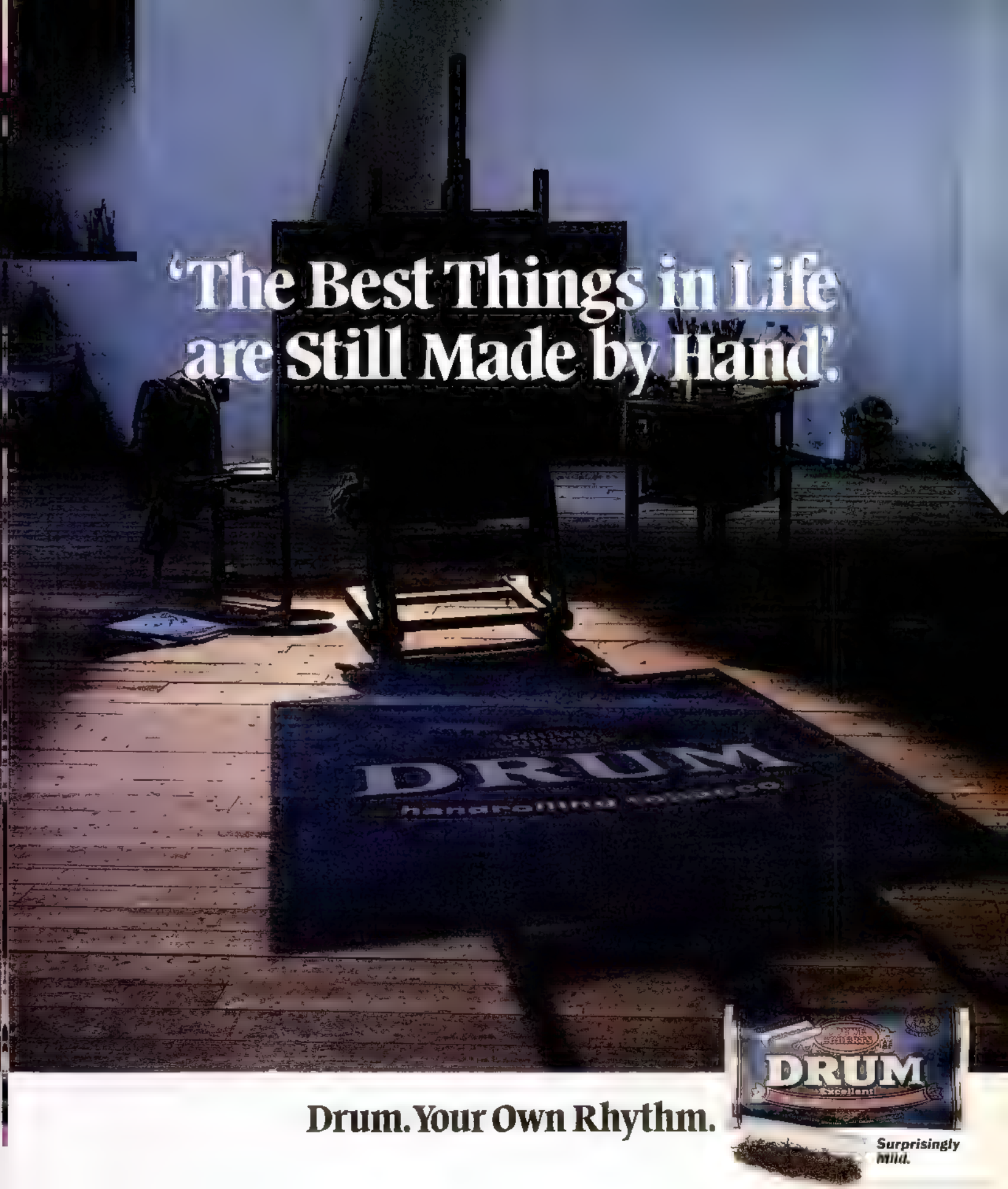
"Imagine being in school with five hundred kids and being one of three people that knew who Jimi Hendrix was," says Richard of growing up in rural Wisdom, Kentucky. Back in the mid-'70s, Richard, Fred, and Greg had an outfit that played loud and hard like Led Zeppelin and Cream, but it took the addition of bassist Doug Phelps and his brother, lead singer Ricky Lee Phelps, both from Cardwell, Missouri, to make things click in 1986. Two years later the HeadHunters recorded their debut, *Pickin' on Nashville*, and won a Grammy in 1991 for best country performance by a group with vocals.

***Electric Barnyard*, the HeadHunters' follow-up LP, features eight original songs mixed with covers such as "With Body and Soul" by bluegrass king Bill Monroe. And while songs like "It's Chitlin' Time" are determinedly down-home, the album has more in common with the Allman Brothers than the Louvin Brothers. "Wishin' Well" is a southern stomp à la Lynyrd Skynyrd, and "Diane" kicks in like the Who's "I Can See for Miles."**

Onstage, a coonskin-capped Fred Young tackles his drum kit like Keith Moon while Doug and Richard swing their shoulder-length hair in sync with Greg Martin's fluid slide guitar. Some audience members begin to sing along on "The Ballad of Davy Crockett," a boogie version of the TV theme song. (Doug later confides, "I think some people in the South think we're making fun of them when we play that one.") By the time the band plays "Dumas Walker," the HeadHunters' "Freebird," the whole clean-cut crowd—from rowdy teens to senior citizens—is on its feet.

Later, Hank, Jr., invites the HeadHunters to a rare get-together with his entourage in a first-class hotel suite above Ted Turner's Atlanta. Hank corrals them into a corner for a round of camp-fire songs on his acoustic guitar, while the suite is readied for the night's entertainment. Liquor runs free and the conversation's animated; most of the ladies present, we're told, are here courtesy of the Gold Club, a local strip joint. The HeadHunters politely excuse themselves before the party takes off. Once we're back in the tour bus, one of nine originally owned by Elvis, Richard lets loose with a hoot: "Man, them boys is *trash!*"

ALEC FOEGE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DRUM
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mild.

RADIO GRAFFITI

naughty by nature

I don't care where ya go: Boston, [illegible]. Naughty by Nature's "O.P.P." sons blastin' from every jeep, beemer, Benzi—whatever. Naughty by Nature's sweepin' through tha city like tumbleweed, kickin' up dust frum Jersey boots. Thiz iz tha summer funk y'all been waitin' for. "O.P.P."'s membership opportunities R worldwide knockin'. Visa out da box, jacky! Durin' the New Music Seminar last year, NBN's Treach wuz intro'd on stage wearin' a black hoodie and Mike Tyson boots n' rocked tha house down to the splinterz. This year hiz groop's exploded wit' a well-arranged ghetto album tha dropz jewelz of life into tha mutha&% #!!! [illegible].

Tha trak "Yoke the Joker" setz it off wit tha sound effects of a Brooklyn drug raid. Fat drum tones rule on tha naughty album cuz it'z 100 percent ghetto-approved. Treach's voice iz angry and demandin' screamin' on the projektz while Andy Schwitzer blowz tha horn like milk! Another thik trik iz "Wickedest Man Alive," which got Queen Latifah singin' on it & again, tha sexy saxophone siren. Tha mix soundz like big beat [illegible] on a 808. Whatever tha hell it iz, [illegible] seliz.

If a personality profile iz what you're [illegible] to get, you won't find it in their bio that only goes to industry suckers. You better flip tha B side to go n' play "Guard your Grill." As for y'all sheltered kidz who still suck breast milk, ya better buckle up cuz theze naughty thieves'll bust some frontz outta yo' mouf! I know Ice-T thinks he'z dope but this jam makes even original gangsters wet 'emselves. This'll shake n' brake yor Bose speakers. Yeah, I'm down wit' "O.P.P." so ask yor girl if she's read *Radio Graffiti*. If she has, she got dropped by tha King!

BONZ MALONE

Nasty boyz Naughty by Nature (*from left*: DJ Kay Gee, Treach, and Vinnie)

C.O.C., *from left*: Phil Swisher, Pepper Keenan, Woody Weatherman, Karl Agell, and Reed Mullin.

C.O.C. MUSIC FACTORY

People in the United States have to wake up to the fact that George Bush is much more dangerous than Ronald Reagan ever was," states Corrosion of Conformity drummer Reed Mullin. "He was in charge of the CIA and did a lot of things in a very low-key way. Nobody really knows what."

"I'll tell you who knows," interjects vocalist Karl Agell, "all the hacked-up nuns, ministers, and children in third-world countries. They know what drills he ran."

Slightly paranoid views? For the better part of a decade, Corrosion of Conformity has expressed such left-wing political stances, hitting nerves that are dead in most Americans.

Formed in Raleigh, North Carolina, in 1982, the original four-piece C.O.C. debuted with the semilegendary *Eye for an Eye*, but it wasn't until the lineup was trimmed to three that the band found international acclaim with *Animosity*, which many consider the first metallic hardcore crossover album. Following that period, the band took on Ugly American vocalist Simon Bob and recorded 1986's *Technocracy* EP. But by then the train of lineup changes and sour record deals had torn the band apart.

Eighteen months passed before the current lineup of Agell, Mullin, bassist Phil Swisher, and guitarists Woody Weatherman and Pepper Keenan was pieced together. The reformed band self-financed an excellent demo tape and went on a European tour without a record deal. Upon its return C.O.C. was asked out for last summer's Danzig-Soundgarden tour.

After rave reviews, the band signed with Relativity and recorded its latest album, *Blind*. Combining the heavy groove vibe of the early '70s with the hardcore politics of the '80s, C.O.C. is setting new metallic standards for this decade.

"We're influenced by a lot of genres," Agell explains. "We wanted to take all the things that we love, channel them through our thing, and speak our piece on top of that. Whether people buy into that or not, I feel good about it."

KEVIN SHARPE

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DEAR ELVIS,

Me and my friends just started a band in England, and we're calling ourselves Hung Like Elvis. You don't have a problem with that, do you?

Progals Barker
Norwich, U.K.

Well, now, I'm getting real fed up with people a-using my name for so many crazy things. Hung Like Elvis? I can't figure that one out to save my life. I ain't never been hung. Maybe you mean hung like a picture of me on the wall. That's alright, I guess. I do know a lot of people have pictures of me hung on their wall. I know damn well you don't mean it in no nasty sexual way. You and your other pale little English—oh what do you call it in y'all's language over there?—*chaps* or *lads* or whatever—the hell it couldn't hold a candle to a big ol' healthy southern whippersnapper like Elvis in that way. If that's what you mean, then I respectfully suggest you change your band's name, son. Don't make the King laugh.

Dream on,
Elvis

HOLE LOTTA LOVE

Pretty, even on the outside. Hole, *from left:* Courtney Love, Jill Emery, Caroline Rue, and Eric Erlandson.

Hole is L.A., but not the L.A. of bass-slapping jerk rock where all roads eventually lead to the Chili Peppers. The band opts instead for a post–Black Flag vibe. Sure, Hole wants to be huge. Its members are addicted to opulence, but as lead singer Courtney Love insists: "I'm never going to make disco music to support my habit."

Hole's first album, *Pretty on the Inside*, revolves around a fascination with the repulsive aspects of L.A.—superficiality, sexism, violence, and drugs. Love is the embodiment of what drives the band: the dichotomy of pretty/ugly. From far away she looks like a glamorous Debbie Harry, yet close up her features are a little skewed, burning with an unsettling intensity. One minute she's showing off her latest French skin products, the next she's regaling you with scary stories of her teenage years. The band tempers what she calls the "crazy girl" image with drummer Caroline Rue, hard and steady as a rock; bassist Jill Emery, a thoughtful jazzbo; and lead guitarist Eric Erlandson, about the nicest person you'll ever meet.

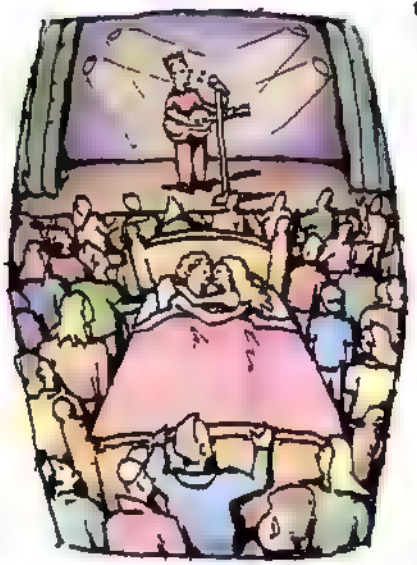
The pretty/ugly dynamic also comes across in Hole's music. A song like "Teenage Whore" sounds at first like a ranting noisy rage, but underneath is a surprisingly lush melody. Onstage Love writhes and grinds and flirts with the audience, like the go-go dancer she once was, but she's really just a tease. She gets you hot by panting into the mike, then rips you apart with a vulgar Axl howl.

Hole has a typically mixed attitude about being perceived as "chick rock." Its members aren't all girls, and Love hates a "whiny minority," but she does think that "chicks can rock in a new, different, and better way." If Hole isn't easy to digest or categorize like its other "punk" contemporaries, Love thinks it's because its "a Ramones-free band." But if Hole can convert the metal "idiots" in L.A., then it shouldn't be long before everyone jumps onto the Hole bandwagon.

DAISY VON FURTH

creep show

A handy list of people to avoid at rock concerts.



The Stage Crashers—Whether diving from the stage or just trying to catch their idol's eye, their sweat can rot iron, and they'll slime your best shirt into oblivion.

The Singing Parrots—They spend hours memorizing lyrics just so they can stand behind *you* and sing along off-key. When faced with an unknown song, they just shout out words that sort of sound right.

The Crazies—Midway through the second song they turn to you and shout, "C'mon! Let's get those punks/faggots/new agers!" and pull out a baseball bat. This is the time to go for a Coke.

The Guy Who Bellows "AAARGH!" "ROCK'N'ROLL!" and "AWRIGHT!"—Especially during the quiet parts. Why? People don't go to classical concerts and shout "Aaargh! Classical music! Awright!"

The King and Queen of Tongue Lock—Oblivious to the crowd, they distract you with severely advanced foreplay that only trained fire fighters could halt. Do not meet their eyes! They'll mistake you for a voyeur and punch you out.

The Lost Children of Woodstock—They sit cross-legged on the floor and pass around hand-rolled cigarettes. They smile benignly as others slam dance around them. They might even be your parents and could wave at you at any moment.

The Neighbors—"We agreed to let Joanie see Guns N' Roses if she let us bring her," bellows the mother as you, nodding nervously, try to cover up your "Fuck tha Police" T-shirt. "Are they girls or boys?" shouts the father, pointing at the band. "What does your T-shirt say?" asks Joanie.

DAVID QUANTICK

PHOTO BY VICKI BERNOT ILLUSTRATION BY DANIEL BAXTER

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The Wonder Stuff, not just bread anymore, *from left*: Malcolm Treece, Paul Clifford, Miles Hunt, Martin Gilks, and Martin Bell.

good stuff

The main thing with this new record," says Wonder Stuff lead singer Miles Hunt, "is that we wanted to come back and say, 'Yep, we're still as stupid as we ever were.' "

The Wonder Stuff's third album, not entirely sincerely titled *Never Loved Elvis*, is, however, the band's best yet a mixture of searing rock, sardonic attitudes, intricate harmonies, and Hunt's biting vocals and droll lyricism. It's an album that should give the Wonder Stuff a wide audience with the discerning ears of the world.

Hunt's way with a lyric has always been unusual. Able to deliver a dryly insightful song like "Don't Let Me Down Gently," he's equally adept at declaring war on pop in songs like "Radio Asskiss." He once even delivered a message to pop idol Rick Astley called "Astley in the Noose." Strangely, Astley said he liked it. The Wonder Stuff has acquired something of a reputation for cynicism.

"I'm always the first to take the piss out of myself, too," Hunt defends. "In 'Who Wants to Be the Disco King?' everyone thought we were having a go at ourselves as well as people like Astley and Kylie Minogue."

Certainly a song like "The Size of a Cow" with its brightly absurd chorus of "Oh wow! / Look at me now! / I'm building up my problems to the size of a cow!" is one of those rare moments where a rocker pokes fun at himself.

The members of the Wonder Stuff aren't cynics; they're almost enthusiasts. "In Britain at the moment, you've got great new bands like Ride and the Charlatans and Ned's Atomic Dustbin," Hunt says. "Good, *real* bands." He also claims that the best live band in the world is Jane's Addiction

"Love 'em or hate 'em it's the people who are characters who are important in rock," Hunt insists. "People like Robert Smith and Michael Stipe." Modestly, he excludes himself, but he shouldn't. The Wonder Stuff is an unusual thing: Intelligent, funny, and a great rock group.

DAVID QUANTICK

THE POLITICS OF DANCING

San Franciscan trio Consolidated is about many things, but escapism's not one of them. While its industrial hip hop grooves generate lots of movement on dance floors, its refusal to produce even one purely instrumental cut is emphatic.

"There's already millions of tracks out there, way better than our music, that people are going to be mindlessly dancing to anyway," says vocalist Adam Sherburne. "It would be pointless to not inject our message somewhere."

This "message" is an all-encompassing denial of everything the white American male species—of which Sherburne, drummer Philip Steir, and keyboardist Mark Pistel are all members—stands for. Not only are Consolidated all hardcore anti-capitalists (endlessly dissing the music industry they're also members of), they're also—as a concert announcer puts it, whose introduction was coopted onto Consolidated's second album, *Friendly Fascism*—"the hardest liberal, vegetarian, pro-choice, lesbian and gay support motherfuckers" around.

Consolidated's often unpopular convictions have naturally restricted its appeal, but not dampened the band's enthusiasm. "Our failure has been high," Pistel almost cheerfully admits. Indeed, Consolidated seems to thrive on upsetting people, and in concert the band members regularly taunt those in the audience who have a less liberal vision than they. Touring last year in support of their debut album, *The Myth of Rock*, they handed the microphone over to their detractors in the audience at every show, gleefully recording the antagonism directed their way to use on the new album. Where other artists sample reactionary preachers or politicians, Consolidated thus inspired similar tirades from its own generation, placing its message in a purely contemporary context.

The fact that you can dance to the final product is an irony that isn't lost on a group that sees dance music as a product of the friendly fascist entertainment industry it so reviles. The single vocal line of Consolidated's third single is the same as the title, "This Is Fascism." "Ironically," Sherburne says with confidence, "it will probably be the most popular thing we've done."

TONY FLETCHER

Consolidated Trust, *clockwise from top left*: Philip Steir, Adam Sherburne, Mark Pistel, Adam's daughter, and a friend.

car jammin'

With his new release, legendary rap master Marley Marl once again turns his immaculate production techniques upon himself. Grab the tape and run for your jeeps.

Hip hop dynamo Marley Marl has discovered, written for, and produced some of the most exciting names in rap, including Big Daddy Kane, Roxanne Shante, Biz Markie, and Heavy D. But with all that stuff behind him and all the projects ahead of him, Marley Marl finds time to join a long list of producer performers by coordinating his own albums as composer, producer, and all-around rap tour guide.

In Control, Volume II—For Your Steering Pleasure, Marl's second Cold Chillin' release, displays his usual production fireworks. "I Be Gettin' Busy" features L.L. Cool J blowing down the competition with savvy, rhythmic rhymes. But the production coup is in the percussion. Listen up and you hear a telephone busy signal beeping away, right on beat, just on the edge of the track. Tragedy the Intelligent Hoodlum carries the show on "America Eats the Young," complemented by Chuck D swinging in and out of the mix. There's even some R&B stuff, featuring singers (like the Flex, who did backup crooning on L.L.'s "Around the Way Girl") instead of rapping studio wizards. "Those are definitely experiments," Marley Marl says, laughing. "But it's rap-oriented, and a little more raw than the usual R&B stuff. It has an extra edge, which I bring to the table."

All this cutting-edge expertise comes from Marley Marl's years as a party DJ as well as his mixing records for the WBLS rap show in New York. Marley conceived what he calls the "kick and snare" sound. "I'm an innovator," he admits. "I used the 808 sound to beef up the production. And nobody was sampling drums until I did 'Eric B Is President.' My production doesn't overpower the rapper. Before I make a track, I listen to the rhymes, and I try to place the track around what's being said. I don't like cluttered tracks.

"I consider myself more a remixer than a producer," he says, coming off the street-legal success of Uncle L.'s "Mama Said Knock You Out" with the jeep-beat frenzy that is *In Control, Volume II*. "Everything I do stems from being a remixer and a DJ and I can't forget that. I wouldn't be me if I dropped that. When I hear some shit, I think of a way to remix it, to make it smoother or stronger or something. I'll let a tape sit for weeks and then I'll go back to it and treat it to a remix. My best stuff has been remixes, actually, like 'Boomin' System.' "

Marl describes his work pattern: " 'Boomin' System' was slower originally. It was a simple James Brown groove first. I surveyed what was out and hot at the time. En Vogue was kickin'—motherfuckers were ridin' around pumpin' that—so I said, 'Yo, L.L.'s rhyming about riding in cars, so why can't we have the car theme in the background?' So I looped that and changed the bass line, put a little 'Funky Drummer' with it, sped it up, and pitched his voice back to normal."

And there it is, summed up succinctly, Marley Marl's credo. Hip hop is car music, made for the pumpin' systems that cruise the block, not just for the boom box. "The theme of this record is right there in the title: *For Your Steering Pleasure*. Everything on the record is like car beats, strictly for your car. The tracks hit especially hard for nice systems where you hear the crazy nice lows that'll make it rock the block."

So it's no surprise that many of Marl's favorite jeep records are tracks he himself had a hand in: "Boomin' System," "Eric B. Is President," "The Bridge," "and most of the early Kane and Biz Markie shit."

Audi 5000.

SCOTT POULSON-BRYANT

Behind the wheel again: Marley Marl.

DARREN KEITH

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THE COLD ROCK STUFF

THESE ARE A FEW OF OUR FAVORITE THINGS

Aquariums

Fish are actually pretty cool once you get to know them, so why don't you trek on down to your nearest aquarium and say hello? If you spent all your time in a big glass tank full of water inside a dark building, you'd like visitors every now and then, too. Aquariums house minnows, whales, and everything in between, and some of the critters swimming around in there are pretty goofy looking. We guarantee you'll never eat at Long John Silver's again.

Hologram Time Traveler

Sega Enterprises has taken video-game technology yet another step forward with the first holographic arcade game. Real actors and actresses were digitally filmed and are brought back to life with the help of a monitor, laser-disc player, and spherical mirror. The result: realistic 3-D images that move, talk, and hover right in front of you. For only 75 cents you can travel through time, battling ninjas, dark knights, and ax-wielding psychopaths. The best reason to grab your milk money and run to the arcade since Deluxe Space Invaders.

Eco-Foam

An "environmentally friendly packing material" made of corn starch, created as a happy accident when the National Starch & Chemical Company was testing methods of keeping cereals crisp in milk. Instead of being crunchy, this substance came out soft like packing Styrofoam, and dissolved in water. Kodak and KMS Research are the first to pack shipments with Eco-Foam, but others are certain to follow. It's so harmless you can even digest small amounts of the material (although we don't recommend making a meal of the stuff).

Play It by Ear

Players of this CD game listen carefully to bits of sound—over 1800 altogether, from the Beastie Boys to walrus noises—and then answer questions pertaining to them. It's more fun with a remote-control disc player—otherwise the DJ of the group has to get up every few seconds to hit the pause button. The fun runs out only when all of the 1800 questions are used up—or when you're asked to repeat a really annoying tongue twister several times.

The Random House Encyclopedia

This cool tool of education weighs over 12 pounds, contains over 3 million words, and has 13,500 illustrations. The alphapedia gives short definitions for every imaginable word, from *aa*, a kind of lava, to *zygote*, and the colorpedia features incredible color spreads of things like volcanoes, meteors, dental work, and kangaroo pouches. Our favorites: the color-coded chart of philosophers, the scary artwork in the psychoses section, and the map of Mars.

Compiled by Mark Blackwell, Staci Bonner, Gavin Edwards, and Daniel Fidler

The Kennedy Assassination

William Kennedy Smith's recent troubles inspired the *Weekly World News* to run a cover seance-interview with a disapproving JFK, and though he didn't comment on his own death, after 28 years it remains a mother lode for conspiracy buffs. And now we're using the Kennedy myths to enhance our pop culture. Several issues of DC Comics' *Shade, The Changing Man* are devoted to disinterring Kennedy's corpse, while Oliver Stone's *JFK* will soon splatter him all over the screen.

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MISSED INFORMATION

Spin Control: MTV can't run clips from its lengthy, on-camera Guns N' Roses interview without final approval from the band. Reportedly so much of the harmless footage has been censored that there's only enough left for the you-heard-it-here-first *MTV News*, and none for other programs such as the *Top Twenty Countdown*. As for *Rolling Stone*'s article on Guns N' Roses, writer Kim Neely explained to *New York* magazine why she didn't have to sign the infamous Guns contract that gives the band full control over what's written about them and imposes a $100,000 penalty on anyone who breaks the contract: "There are certain magazines that have never done them wrong in the past, and *Rolling Stone* is one. . . . I'm a big fan." Postscript: Final score of our softball game—*Rolling Stone*–2, SPIN–14. • **Stolen Car:** It was news to George Clinton when we asked him if he knew that N.W.A had not just sampled but straight-out lifted the entire tune of Parliament's relatively obscure "My Automobile" for their song "Automobile." The song is fully credited in the liner notes to Eazy-E. • **Arresting Development:** Two Refuse & Resist activists were arrested at the Kansas City stop of the Lollapalooza Tour for, in the words of police, "inciting people to riot" by distributing a leaflet with a photo of cops brutalizing a handcuffed black man. Both Vernon Reid and Perry Farrell condemned the censorship during their acts. • **Be Prepared:** Wisconsin Pharmacal Company is expecting FDA approval next year to market a female condom in the U.S. under the brand name Reality Vaginal Pouch (no slang as of yet). It's proven to be an even better guard against STD's and pregnancy than traditional male condoms, the safest form of contraception until now. Another distinction: Reality can be employed before sexual excitement. One size fits all. • **Small Is Beautiful:** Good news—contrary to popular rumor, Wax Trax, Chicago's seminal aggressive-dance label, will stay independent. Several majors, including WEA, greedily looked but could not touch. Bad news—Sub Pop has laid off ten people. • **Best Defense:** A Dodge City defense attorney introduced the self-titled Geto Boys album as the main evidence in a teen-murder case, claiming that the youths were "temporarily hypnotized" by the music. No connection: Milwaukee mass murderer Jeffrey Dahmer had an Iron Maiden poster on his wall when he served in the Army in West Germany. • **Kinder, Gentler Corruption:** It's going to cost as much as $250,000 to try to prove that Neil Bush was too stupid to know that he was part of a scheme to loot the Silverado S&L. Banking lobbyist Thomas "Lud" Ashley has added insulting conflict of interest to injurious conflict of interest by setting up a legal defense fund for young Bush, while also helping write Bush senior's bank-friendly banking reform bill. • **Touring:** Yes, Grateful Dead, Mudhoney, Primus, Mind Funk, TAD. • **In the Studio:** The Beasties, who provided instrumental accompaniment for a 15-minute Biz Markie freestyle jam on Fox's *Pump It Up!*, have finally started laying down vocals for their third album. Faith No More, the Chills, PiL, Soul II Soul, and Lush. Other albums this fall: live Slayer, and the Rick Rubin–produced Red Hot Chili Peppers.

Warning: To all of you thinking of purchasing Danny Sugerman's ludicrous Guns N' Roses "biography," please spend your $19.95 on something more worthwhile, like candy or phone sex.

MC Serch

Pop Goes the Seminar: The main event at this summer's New Music Seminar was MC Serch's showdown with Public Enemy's Harry Allen. Allen had dissed Serch in a article he wrote, critical of white rappers, for the black New York City newspaper *City Sun*. Allen bum-rushed KRS-One's vacant seat on a seminar panel and began to speak on the subject. Serch struck back from a floor mike, accusing Allen of not including the white Young Black Teenagers in his attack because Allen regularly works for their record label's president, Hank Shocklee of Soul Records. Allen was, for once, speechless.

Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam: The union-busting Hormel Corporation is suing the Dallas band Something People Are Missing for acronymic infringement of its product's name

TOP PHOTO DANNY CLINCH

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revolutions NEW revolutions

Whether thundering from well-seasoned stages, echoing through cavernous halls, or sweating in converted theaters, bands from around the world came to New York to rock out in hopes of gaining recognition at the 12th Annual New Music Seminar. DANIEL FIDLER and NANCY LEOPARDI report.

SATURDAY, JULY 13 Sub Pop Records dominated the seminar's second night with a four-hour showcase of its most recent signings. Best was the label's secret favorite band, **Afghan Wigs.** Open, airy, and with enough grit and personality to satiate the most exacting grunge connoisseur, the Wigs have a knack for pounding out rough-hewn chunks of rock. Can megastardom be far behind?

SUNDAY, JULY 14 The landmark punk dungeon CBGB was the star attraction tonight. Heading up the evening was New York's **Railroad Jerk** (Matador), the East Village's lyrically supercharged version of Bob Dylan. Jerk haphazardly blended bluesy, '60s-tinged guitar noise (with a decidedly '90s edge) with Mississippi Delta–esque harmonica. Labelmate **Unsane** followed with an ear-piercing set of new material off its recent self-titled LP. The band's driving guitars, booming drums, and rafter-rattling sonic vibration combined for one of the more powerful performances that night, which is too bad for those who blew it off to wait outside for up and coming critical darlings **Urge Overkill** (Touch and Go), whose competent, catchy college rock seemed less important to the band than its velvet-jacket lounge-singer look. Fun to listen to, but not worth the block-long line. Those with more selective tastes stayed around for **Superchunk** (Matador) and its meaty set of wide-eyed, melodic Hüsker Dü–ish guitar rock, and DC's **Unrest** (Teenbeat), who topped off the lineup with a rich, soft, and resonant group of rock ballads. A pleasant nightcap for the few who stayed. But good things do come to those who wait.

Around the corner at the Bank nightclub, Chicago's **Of Cabbages & Kings** (Triple X) proffered a few desperate, hypnotic songs of dark depression from its latest album, *Basic Pain Basic Pleasure.* Singer-bassist (and former Swan) Al Kizys's growling vocals kept things at a moody standstill until scum-rock legend **Jim Foetus** (Self Immolation) emerged for a frenzied guest appearance, featuring animalistic cries, rolled-back eyeballs, and frequent grabbing of audience members.

Bringing the noise. Helmet, *from left:* Peter Mengede, Page Hamilton, John Stanier, and Henry Bogdon.

MONDAY, JULY 15 So many shows, so little time. But the folks at Sub Pop, Touch and Go, and Island made an offer one just couldn't refuse. A party on a renovated, (formerly) sunken ship complete with eight supercool bands and all the Rolling Rock and Jägermeister you could drink.

Chicago's **Pegboy** (Touch and Go) started out the night's festivities, churning out a nostalgic set of simple, energetic hardcore punk songs. Taking over the barnacle-ridden stage was local pals **Didjits** (Touch and Go), whose unself-conscious choppy melodies, reminiscent of such midwestern neighbors Hüsker Dü and Devo, were plagued with faulty wiring and power outtages. To its credit, Didjits' electrifying performance kept the crowd's slightly queasy attention. Next came a spiritual, uplifting performance from Dallas, Texas's **Reverend Horton Heat** (Sub Pop), a rockabilly trio fronted by the hootin' and hollerin' Reverend himself. Mixing bass slapping and foot-stomping tunes with lighthearted sermons, Heat kept the crowd dancing, sweating, and laughing—Texas-style.

TUESDAY, JULY 16 Jesus Lizard (Touch and Go) singer Dave Yow (ex-Scratch Acid) antagonized a complacent crowd at CBGB Tuesday night, hysterically wailing and moaning his way through a rather drunken but powerful aggrorock performance. We didn't see much more. Even God had to rest.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 17 New York's Ritz found itself hosting German avant-garde veterans **Einstürzende Neubauten** (Mute), whose scraping, slamming, hardware-driven performance reinforced the band's cult status as pioneers of industrial music. Singer Blixa Bargeld's blood-curdling screams and Germanic growls, coupled with amplified garage-door wires and heavy-linked chains, created a textural landscape unparalleled from here to the Baltic.

And if your ears weren't hurting enough, it was Amphetamine Reptile night at CBGB, where some sadistic soundman turned up the club's volume and distortion so loud that even the members of Deep Purple would have tearfully reached for earplugs. **Helmet** stole the show with a deafening onslaught of monstrous compositions so incredibly captivating you only occasionally worried about the potential hearing loss. An explosive end to an exhausting week.

ARTIST SPOTLIGHT: CHRIS CORNELL Singer, Soundgarden

CORNELL'S "A" LIST

Butthole Surfers, *Piouhgd* (Rough Trade).
Lubricated Goat, *Psychedelicatessen* (Amphetamine Reptile)
Daniel Johnston, *1990* (Shimmy Disc).
Velvet Underground, *The Velvet Underground and Nico* (MGM/Verve).
Neil Young, *Ragged Glory* (Reprise).

ARTIST SIDETRACKS

Favorite Recent Movie: *Drugstore Cowboy.* "Last movie that surprised me that was good."
Favorite Club to Play In: Detroit's St. Andrew's Hall. "Great crowd. That's the only reason."
Weirdest Instrument I've Ever Played: "The one I made from my girlfriend's wind chimes. Taped them to a board, hit them with drumsticks, made a song, and got yelled at."

For information on records or artists: Amphetamine Reptile, 2541 Nicollet Ave. S., Minneapolis, MN 55404, (612) 872 0646; Caroline, 114 W. 26th St., 11th Fl., New York, NY 10001, (212) 989-2929, Homestead, P.O. Box 800, Rockville Center, NY 11571-0800; Matador, 611 Broadway, Ste. 712, New York, NY 10012, (212) 995-5883; Mute, 5 Crosby Street, Fifth Fl., New York, NY 10013, (212) 334-8321; Rough Trade (now defunct), RDIR, 611 Broadway, Ste. 411, New York, NY 10012; Self Immolation c/o Foetus Inc., P.O. Box 1085, Canal Street Station, New York, NY 10013; Sub Pop, 1932 First Ave., Ste. 1103, Seattle, WA 98101, (206) 441-8441; Touch and Go, P.O. Box 25520, Chicago, IL 60625, (312) 463-4446; Triple X, 2020 North Main St., Ste. 240, Los Angeles, CA 90031, (213) 221-2204.

NANCY LEOPARDI

CAPTAIN MORGAN ORIGINAL SPICED RUM

PRECIOUS METAL

Metallica has always been eerily popular, but never very good. With a stunning new album the band is suddenly both, and, as BOB MACK explains, turning base metal into platinum.

Near the end of Metallica's last tour, rhythm guitarist and vocalist James Hetfield got the idea for a party. "It was going to be great," he says. "Farm animals, midgets serving drinks, tits everywhere—that kind of shit. Jägermeister ended up sponsoring the thing and giving away free drinks. There were barf puddles everywhere."

There was only one problem. "The midgets wouldn't do it. They heard the name Metallica, and they said no, we'll get abused."

The midgets weren't the first ones to balk at the name Metallica. For what a name it is! It suggests not a band but an Orwellian nation, like Oceania. That extra A on the end is so pseudoscientific and official—it is perfect.

Much as I liked the name, I never liked the band. They had supposedly revitalized metal by paving the way for Slayer, Megadeth, and countless "thrashers," but those bands invariably had a megadearth of ideas that mixed the worst aspects of metal (bad haircuts, self-serving riffs) with the worst parts of punk (lousy vocals, calculated anger).

Ironically, Metallica never meant to popularize this futile style; indeed, Hetfield explains that he began playing speed riffs and yelling in a desperate effort to jar the airhead audiences at the band's earliest L.A. gigs. The less people listened, the more "we kinda shoved it down their necks a little harder each time."

Metallica, though, eventually distinguished itself from the horde with pastoral patches and progressive pizzazz. But still . . . I resented critics who rationalized them as somehow "punk." And admittedly, I was spooked by the new generation of two million kids who *did* like them, legions of zealous misfits that I was too old to understand—even though I was the same age as the guys in Metallica and we'd all graduated from the school of hard rocks while growing up in the sunny Cali suburbs of the '70s.

But like a lot of people, I *wanted* to like Metallica, a not uncommon desire according to lead guitarist Kirk Hammett. "I have a theory that people want to like Metallica, it's just that they can't find the right reasons to. Why do people like us? I listen and don't hear it. This album won't attract that kind of element."

Lock up your daughters, they're back with a vengeance: *from left*, Jason Newsted, Lars Ulrich, Kirk Hammett, and James Hetfield.

Photographs by Darren Keith

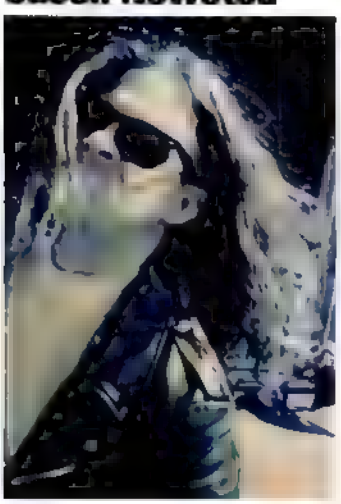
Lars Ulrich

"I was cool, but I had no groove."
—George Clinton, 1970

COOL AS THEY WERE, METALLICA had—by the end of the 251-date tour for 1988's *... And Justice for All*—grown tired of jagged riffs and shifting time signatures. The band was also sorely lacking in one particular department. "We wanted more of a groove thing," says Hammett, "and when people hear this album, they're gonna say, 'What is this? Sly and the Family Stone?' "

Well, not exactly. But the group's sixth release, *Metallica*, is at once a seminal departure from and shrewd streamlining of its previous oeuvre. Historically, it's like when Rush conjured up the surprise 1980 hit "Spirit of the Radio," following years of insecure jamming (an idea that drummer Lars Ulrich seconds, saying, "More than any other band, we are like Rush").

Jason Newsted



Sociologically, it's the album that will make it safe to like Metallica—much as "Losing My Religion" catapulted R.E.M. into the megamainstream. And contrary to what Hammett says, it should not detract from the band's coolness: Its hardcore following has been screaming sellout since its second LP, *Ride the Lightning*, and, as it happens, this new disc recaptures the raw power of songs like "Seek and Destroy" from the band's bare-bones 1983 debut, *Kill 'Em All*.

Complementing this new simplicity is the album's cover art—not goofy heavy metal cartoonery but simply the group's logo on a black background. This in turn reflects their belief that the startling new music—from the sitar on "Wherever I May Roam" to the Celtic hillbilly shuffle of "Don't Tread on Me" to the Beatlesque harmonies on "Nothing Else Matters"—really does speak for itself.

Such generic packaging doesn't mean, however, that Metallica is still as antisocial as it once was. After years of avoiding video, the band's finally gunning for MTV, and in monster rockers like "Enter Sandman" (already in heavy rotation) it has the right ammunition.

But if you think this means Metallica's gone soft, think again. Yes, Hetfield and drummer Lars Ulrich laid off the Jägermeister when it nearly gave them ulcers—but they have hardly stopped drinking. And yes, the maturation of the music might suggest that the band itself has been domesticated—but Hammett, Ulrich, and bassist Jason Newsted are all recently divorced and ready to hit the road.

No, Metallica has confounded the rock myths of immaturity and disposability by striking a perfect balance between growing up and retreating to roots. A lot of credit must go to coproducer Bob Rock, whose Midas touch has made millions for mainstream metal acts from Mötley Crüe to Loverboy. Among other innovations, Rock had the band cut its basic tracks live and suggested that Hetfield harmonize certain vocals. When he encountered reluctance, Rock (his real name) resorted to trickery: "I'd get them to do stuff real quickly and say, 'We'll come back to it later.' But we hardly ever went back."

Ultimately, though, any sellout accusations should be leveled at the four guys who, after all, wrote the songs before Rock ever tinkered with them. The four guys who allegedly have a thing for porno and snuff films. The four guys . . .

METALLICA BASSIST JASON Newsted is scowling at me. You'd furrow your brow a lot, too, if you had his gig. For although he's been in the band over five years, he still isn't the bassist. That title will always belong to the late Cliff Burton, who was crushed when the group's tour bus rolled over in Sweden on September 27, 1986.

Burton, who grew up with Faith No More guitarist Jim Martin near San Francisco, was a cross between Clint Eastwood and E. F. Hutton: Didn't say much, but when he did, people listened. Especially Hetfield and Ulrich, who were pups with peach fuzz and acne when they relocated Metallica to the Bay Area in late '81 to be closer to Cliff. Burton had flavor: He wore bell-bottoms, read H.P. Lovecraft, studied piano, and even went to junior college. "He taught James and Kirk a lot of different harmonies and theory," says Newsted, who was in the Phoenix band Flotsam and Jetsam prior to replacing Burton.

That privilege involved certain initiation rites. When Newsted tried to play Milquetoast and go to bed early on his first tour, says drummer Lars Ulrich, "Fifteen of us would sit at the bar, charge a thousand-dollar tab to him, take his door off the hinges, and break his room down. The next day, we'd put him in a limo all by himself—that type of vibe."

Newsted could deal with that type of vibe. He could even deal with the vibe at the Detroit concert—attended by family and friends—that Hetfield virtually ruined by chainpuking throughout. What Newsted couldn't deal with, however, was the vibe (or lack of one) that he got from playing with Metallica. "I wouldn't have been able to deal with another record like *Justice*," he insists. "Quitting would have been the hugest bad career move, but I'd have gone on and done my Elvis band or whatever."

The problem was simple: There was no audible bass in Metallica's songs. In fact, Newsted's efforts weren't even pumped in to the drummer's monitor onstage. In order to create an "actual rhythm section," Newsted stopped duping Hetfield's guitar and started following Ulrich instead. Plus, he enthuses, "This time we were lucky to have a producer who helped my sound hold up under the big drum and guitar."

The results are staggering. By the third song, "Holier Than Thou," Newsted is even busting out of his subterranean drone with a buoyant bass break à la Jane's Addiction's "Been Caught Stealing."

James Hetfield

Which is why Jason Newsted is a happy guy, even as he coaxes the blues from a beautiful steel guitar—and which he'll no doubt use at the jam sessions of the Maxwell House Ranch Band that he, Hetfield, Jim Martin, and Jim's brother Lou like to organize. The same jam sessions that Burton used to sit in on.

PERHAPS KIRK HAMMETT WILL BE sittin' in on those House Ranch Band hootenannies some day, though low-down, hoedown blues isn't the first thing you think of when hearing his past work—solos that he himself describes as "machinelike."

Like Jason Newsted, however, Kirk Hammett has gone through a sea change on this latest album.

"On one song, I played the solo and went, Hello! and Bob just looked at me and said, Man, you're not even playing with the band."

Kirk Hammett

Like Lisa Simpson on sax or something?

"Yeah, exactly—and I'm like, Okay, what the fuck would you do, Mr. Producer Guy from Canada? And he goes, Well, you should play more bluesy, sustained notes. I'm listening, and I'm shocked because—we're talking about you," he yells at Bob Rock as the producer heads into the bowels of A&M to mix the new album. "I was shocked because for once he was right!"

Though he grew up in Haight-Ashbury as a child of the summer of love, Hammett had literally gone by the book until cutting the sassy, wah-wah–soaked solos on the new LP. "I brought my guitar book to algebra class," he says, and used to tell schoolmate Les Claypool, now of Primus, "*I'm* a guitar player, man."

Hammett joined Metallica in 1983, when the band canned original lead guitarist Dave Mustaine, whose playing wasn't "emotional or melodic" enough—and whose drinking was more than even "Alcoholica" could take.

Mustaine was hardly as cool as Cliff Burton, so Hammett didn't suffer the same rigmarole as Newsted. Hammett did, however, have to join on the eve of recording the band's 1983 debut, *Kill 'Em All* (which they fought in vain to call *Metal Up Your Ass*). *Kill 'Em All* unexpectedly sold 300,000 copies, and as Ulrich says, "All of a sudden we had a record out, we were touring, but we really couldn't play." So Ulrich took drum lessons and Hammett began studying under guitar guru Joe Satriani.

Amazing as Satriani is, his clinical sound only reinforced Hammett's algebraic chops. His solos were sometimes cool, but more often just cold. "There was a point when I really stuck to my technique, but nowadays it's the feel and what's appropriate for the moment."

"IT'S A JOKE, RIGHT?" JAMES HETFIELD is asking about Perry Farrell and Ice-T's cover of "Don't Call Me Nigger Whitey" by Sly Stone. " 'Cause that Perry guy is pretty open-minded."

The subject came up when I asked Hetfield about a "rap" he once recorded with lyrics that you'd never accuse of being open-minded. "Rap was just starting, and I did a parody that had the N word—but you can't say *nigger*, especially whitey." The title of the rap was simply "Nigger."

So the lyricist, singer, and riffmeister who accounts for 60 percent of Metallica's sound is a bigot, is that it? Not exactly. After all, Lloyd Grant, Metallica's original lead guitarist before Dave Mustaine, was black. But Hetfield is definitely, along with hunting partner Jim Martin, a would-be good ol' boy, a . . .

"Go ahead and say it," he roars. "*Redneck!!*"

With his thick build, squeezed into jeans and cowboy boots, he certainly looks it. That his father was a Nebraska-born trucker since retired to Arkansas gives the image legitimacy—as does Hetfield's own interest in Lynyrd Skynyrd and hunting. Hetfield himself is animal-like—what you'd call a bear of a man if the blond Fu Manchu mustache didn't lend his face a leonine look.

I was warned he'd kill me if I asked him about the rap—or about the bowie knife his father passed on to him which had allegedly been used to kill a black man. He *does* freak when I bring up the knife ("That's not true!" he stammers unconvincingly), but otherwise he's disarmingly friendly and surprisingly open about his love of "titty bars" and the epic Jägermeister binge that almost killed him and Ulrich.

Given his druthers, Hetfield would abandon the A&M sessions and hang out at the Maxwell House Ranch near San Francisco, sipping porch. "It's port wine, but we call it porch 'cause that's where we slug it while we're jamming." How do they play when juiced up on porch? "Fucking obnoxious and loud," says Hetfield. "Jim's brother, Lou, is good at making up lyrics on the spot—there's one about Larry Singleton, the guy who chopped that girl's arms off. We got these oil drums and bang on them. If someone was driving up in those hills, man, they better get out of there. There's some sick shit going on."

Such "sick shit" doesn't find its way into Metallica's songs much any more. The new single, "Enter Sandman," may be a bit of a scary bedtime story, but gone for the most part are songs about being trapped under ice or being strapped to the electric chair. Hetfield had already strayed from headbanger clichés on *. . . And Justice for All*, which explored the shortcomings of our legal system, but what he's done this time is present the other side of the almighty dollar. "On *Justice*, we stayed to the shitty side—not *America sucks!* but pointing out the scary parts. But certain people, they're way out of hand with that shit. Go fucking somewhere else then, man."

"Don't Tread on Me," inspired by Hetfield's fascination with the Revolutionary War flag depicting new America as a rattlesnake, even says, "Love it or leave it." In addition, the "complainers" (read liberals) are targeted in "My Friend of Misery," while fashion victims get theirs in "Holier Than Thou." The theme is simple: Get yer own shit together before messin' with someone else's.

Such rugged individualism is sometimes tempered by existential doubt ("Through the Never") and is most palatable when couched in the one-with-nature-isms found in "Of Wolf and Man" (the song Ted Nugent wasn't man enough to write) and "Wherever I May Roam" (adopted by the recently divorced other three band members as their theme song).

Hetfield is definitely a would-be good ol' boy, a . . . "Go ahead and say it," he roars. "*Redneck!!*"

However, when I tell him that his Spartan, earthy writing style reminds me of Hemingway's, his only reply is: "I'm not up on who wrote that, or any of that stuff, really."

What he's up on is his own stuff. His commitment to improving himself as a singer and songwriter is as awesome as his rhythm-guitar style, arguably the most inventive in the metal canon. He scoffs at "bands who watch the news and write a song. Fuck off! It's so easy. Like, come *on*." Nor does he have patience for the pop theorists who think it all must be a joke: "Everyone thinks that metal is for young kids, that's it's immature music. But I just don't know . . . "

By practicing the same philosophy he preaches, Hetfield makes it easier to take his more reactionary sentiments. He also provides a window into his personality. His lust for life may stem from a misspent childhood. On the one hand, his father was a strict Christian Scientist, so Hetfield would have to leave the room during health class at school. "I really felt on my own," he has said. "Not proud, but that they were hiding stuff from me." On the other hand, his father left the family when James entered high school. "He was raging around on our support money and that pissed me off. Now I understand, but . . . "

When Hetfield opens up, it's tempting to assume that his Evil Metal Vocalist persona is bogus, that underneath he's just a peckerwood—and a sensitive one at that. Then again, while talking about his ambivalence toward school, and reading in particular, he suddenly perks up. "Science was always fun because you got to do shit. You didn't have to sit at a goddamn book. You got to play with fire, cut frogs open, *ooo!*—freak the girls out."

Now Hetfield freaks girls out in a different way. One Elektra publicist even thinks that the sultry vocal stylings on the love song "Nothing Else Matters" are "sexy." Sexy? Metallica?!

So what's he gonna do when these newfound female fans want to clap along in concert with one of the catchier new tunes? "I'll give 'em a clap!" he sniggers.

IN A YEAR OR SO, WHEN THE CLAPPING has ceased and the new album finally falls off the charts, Metallica

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STRIKING BLACK

With its fourth album about to be released, Public Enemy remains an emblem of controversy and a rider on the storm. SCOTT POULSON-BRYANT examines the sound, sense, and style behind rap's premier agents provocateurs.

It's about 9:30 P.M., and I'm sitting on a soft, tattered couch in the small studio where Public Enemy's new album, *Apocalypse '91: The Enemy Strikes Black*, has been recorded and is now being mixed. The two guys hunched over the mixing board confer in semihushed tones, pushing knobs, rewinding tape, waiting, like me and a tired-looking TV crew, for Chuck D to arrive. I know this area—West Hempstead, Long Island, U.S.A., around the way from Echo Park where I used to swim as a boy—so I head outside to breathe some fresh air. Before I exit, the mixer says to his engineer, pushing long dark hair over one ear, "Push up the bass there. I want it to sound angrier."

"Angrier?" I ask him.

"Yeah, you know. A little more assertive."

When Carlton Ridenhour was in college at Adelphi University, not far from the recording studio in Long Island, New York, U.S.A., he was the first black student to write and draw a comic strip for the campus newspaper, the *Delphian*. So sophisticated were the *College Madness* cartoons that nobody on campus could believe that Carlton was a freshman, let alone black. After getting kicked out of college because of a "lack of direction," Carlton returned a few semesters later and broke out with *Tales of the Skind*, which cast Carlton and members of the Spectrum—the DJ outfit he was down with—as superheroes "ten times as deep as Funkadelic, and drawn to a crisp," says Chuck D.

Carlton was known as party promoter Chuckie D to listeners of WBAU, the Adelphi station that kept folks up on the latest in hip hop and rap, and to those who flocked to jams hosted by Spectrum. Hip hop music was creating a larger culture. The talented student was majoring in graphic design and designing flyers for Spectrum parties. Partying to the beat of this wondrous new form called rap, Chuckie D decided he'd pursue a career somewhere in the music business, probably doing album covers.

Chuck D sits calmly on the stairs just backstage at Radio City Music Hall, but he looks terribly preoccupied; it's all in his eyes. There are all these people up in his dressing room; TV crews are going up and down in the roomy elevator; there's still final mixing to be done before a flight to the next show in D.C.; this guy from SPIN probably wants to get all up in his face about the politics of rap. And a crowd of fans are waiting to bum-rush the stage as Gang of Four winds down, Young Black Teenagers wind up, and Public Enemy prepares to bring the noise to Radio City.

Of course, no one knows the ambitious Tune In, Turn On, Load Out Tour will run aground after two or three more dates. The night before, Chuck D and Andrew Eldritch, leader of headliners Sisters of Mercy, went on the CNBC cable channel to discuss racism in music and the historic coupling of their bands. Chuck D receives the bulk of the questions, but the leather-swathed Eldritch tells the starched host, "In the U.K. this wouldn't be unusual. We didn't ask Public Enemy to tour because they're black or anything like that. They rock'n'roll."

"I got so much trouble on my mind, I refuse to lose!" are the first words out of Chuck D's mouth as he takes the stage, his black cap pulled down low. No signs of fatigue, just ballistic-kickin' attitude alongside Flavor Flav working the audience into a froth of lyric-singing, floor-pounding frenzy. There are so many Public Enemy shirts in the audience and this duo plays right to them, running up the elevated side ramps like they were made for rap—or rock'n'roll. And Public Enemy *is* a rock'n'roll band

Photos by Jesse Frohman

Chuck D, *center*, and two S1Ws recreate a famous photograph of Black Panther Huey Newton, sans automatic weapon.

Walking with the panthers: Flavor Flav, *center*, flanked by S1Ws; *front from left*, Terminator X and Chuck D.

because, as Flavor Flav says with characteristic aplomb, "We be rockin' and we be rollin'."

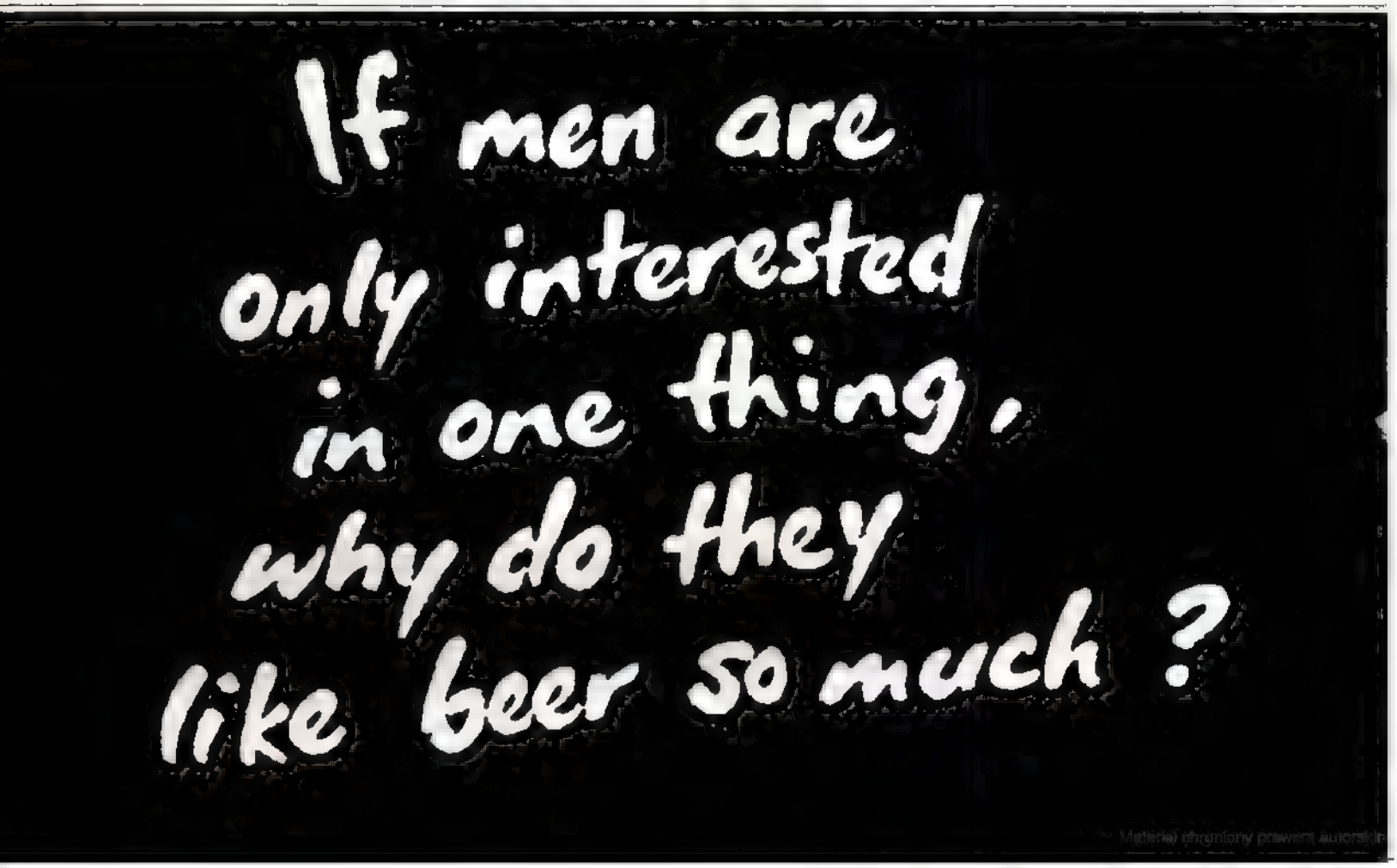
Backstage, Chuck D and Flavor Flav are introduced to two men in suits, record-exec types who turn out to be Don Ennar and Tommy Mottola, top men at Sony Music and Columbia respectively. Chuck D thanks them for their compliments, shaking hands, polite. Flavor does the same and strolls away. "Love, peace, and hair grease," are his departing words.

CHUCKIE D WAS happy doing the radio show and making fliers and throwing the parties; he didn't take rapping seriously. But DJ pal Hank Shocklee asked him to MC at the parties. Being the designated MC was bullshit after awhile, so he started honing his own rhyming skills on the radio show and let others take over the crowd-pleasing. And he also began speaking about the community, oftentimes over the funky beats. "I wasn't 'political,' " admits Chuck D, "but I would say things on the radio and in my raps about the community. You know, you play the rap jams, then you kick in with like, 'This goes out to the brothers there on the corner man you gotta stop all that crazy shit.' Stuff like that, looking out. As I saw it, I was just being a responsible adult."

Once in a while he'd rhyme on a promotional tape for the Spectrum show or for a particularly hot record, and his reputation spread. With the Spectrum, parties grew into a club, a local video show called WORD (for World of Rock and Dance), and an all-around rep as a hip hop notable. Suddenly there was a scene.

One of the WBAU tracks, "Public Enemy #1," played on Dre's (later of *Yo! MTV* fame) influential BAU show, became a local fave; everyone thought it was the jam. Even Rick Rubin came knocking, the entrepreneur who had initiated—with Russell Simmons—rap's booming suburban era with his Def Jam stars L.L. Cool J and Run-D.M.C.: loud talkers over spare, fat beats. Chuck says, "We gave Run-D.M.C. their first interview. They were humble and down-to-earth, not like those guys from Manhattan. They reminded us of us."

Bill Stephney, another Adelphi alum, now worked at Def Jam. Stephney wanted a group that would blend the best of both of his worlds. "A combination of Run-D.M.C. and the Clash. Funky beats paired with polemics," he says. Chuckie D seemed to be in the right place at the right time, getting drawn into what Stephney calls



the "vacuum of leadership in the black community."

Not only did Chuckie D have something interesting to say, he had a compelling way of saying it. His voice rumbled up from the early sparse tracks, a man's voice dripping with absolute authority. His stop-start rhyme style had an edge to it that crackled, that would later serve as the cornerstone of an empire. But still, the reluctant rapper would dodge Rick Rubin's calls. "I'd say to my Moms, 'Tell him I'm not here,' " he says now, laughing.

TO LISTEN TO PUBLIC ENEMY IS TO HEAR A BOMB Squad explode. This Bomb Squad isn't destroying property, but conceptions of music—the way it's played and listened to. The Bomb Squad has historically been a motley and ever-changing crew of folks: Bill Stephney, a musician and DJ, brought his rock'n'roll sense to the hip hop flavor; Chuck D had an affinity for Motown alongside his love of hip hop; Eric Sadler, a musician known to the guys through the numerous park jams around Long Island, liked Prince and R&B stuff; BAU buddy Flavor Flav (William Drayton) could program beats; Keith Shocklee brought his axis of hip hop/club to the fold, while his brother Hank listened to everything.

"What you hear, lyrically and musically, on a Bomb Squad record," explains Hank Shocklee, "is the sound of a collage of ideas being rejected and accepted."

Hip hop had heard nothing like it. The funk of R&B, the hooks of pop, the grind of metal. And the lyrical voice: Chuck's unabashed "blackness" brought a fierce intelligence to the structure, while even his stock hip hop–isms (bitch songs, boast raps) had a cool and graceful fluidity that didn't edit out passion. Most critics ignored the political edge of *Yo! Bum Rush the Show*, instead concentrating on the studio wizardry.

It Takes a Nation of Millions to Hold Us Back, named for a lyric hidden on the first album, bum-rushed rap music with a candid and uncompromising vision of black anger. Chuck D had developed into a fine lyricist, tossing off couplets Cole Porter would envy. Energized by his on-tour education, he became a student of the world, dropping names like Farrakhan and Chesimard.

PE producer Bill Stephney wanted a group that would blend the best of both of his worlds: "A combination of Run-D.M.C. and the Clash."

"I met black folks in other parts of the world and learned what I couldn't learn when I was just living in Long Island. I wanted the album to be like the *What's Going On* of rap, to be important." Thrust into the public eye with his edgy, unapologetic polemics and intense media awareness, Chuck termed rap music "black America's TV station." An apt metaphor, that. Hip hop's over-the-top sensibility, its self-mythologizing and its tendency toward reassuring sloganeering in a cultural and political void, is very TV. And who better to announce rap's responsibility than Chuck D: former art student, cartoonist, and flier maker, someone who seems to fully understand the power of "image" (positive and negative) and how to make that image convey a message. (He designed his group's arresting logo.)

"Yes, you've got to find entertainment in hip hop. What makes Public Enemy different is that we're a diverse group of personalities," Chuck D says, stressing the many syllables of the last word. "I'm a character. Flavor's a character. You put us together and you come up with the group, providing education, but still having a good time. It's like I got the meat and he's got the Kool-Aid.

"There are people who do art for artistic reasons. I do it for commercial reasons. There's no such thing as art if you don't share it wit' anybody. I did my fliers in a professional way, taking hip hop to how you might see boxing advertised. A large part of PE is presentation. I know how I want things to look because eighty-five to ninety percent of the time you're gonna work on the imagination of your listener."

Musically, says Hank Shocklee, "PE forces you

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Why Ask Why?
Try Bud Dry.
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KNOW WHEN TO SAY WHEN

Longtime European rock stars and college underground darlings, the Pixies are set to break big with their new release, *Trompe le Monde*.

do you believe in pixies?

MARK BLACKWELL investigates the Pixies phenomenon.

THE PIXIES ARE REALLY BIG IN EUROPE. THEY'RE A BIG ROCK machine. All the kids love 'em. People scream and jump up and down and do all that rock'n'roll-fan stuff whenever they roll into town. At their Crystal Palace show in London some guy dove into the huge pond that separated the crowd of over 20,000 from the stage and swam all the way across just to get to the band. That's how much people love them.

I unwittingly arrived in Dublin, Ireland, on Bloomsday, the day before the Pixies arrived in town on their tour. It also happened to be the same date that the events in James Joyce's novel *Ulysses* take place. In celebration of this historic Irish date, everybody wanders from pub to pub around town reading passages from the book but mainly getting really drunk. It turned out to be a good opportunity to see what people think about the Pixies. It seems that almost everyone in Dublin, at least the ones who are out celebrating, recognizes the name of the band. Not just the predictable, black-clad, sullen, new wave teens, but also the older regular-type people. And most of the ones who recognize the band's name are very enthusiastic about its qualities.

"Yes!" says one girl, who looks like a librarian. "They're one of the greatest bands of our time!"

"They are the true superstars!" one pretty tanked bearded fellow yells, toasting the Pixies with his pint of Guinness.

My next question is "Why?"

"First they get out their knife and begin cutting," another guy excitedly answers. "Then they pull out their chainsaw and saw you to pieces!"

I'm not sure what that means, but it's true that like a chainsaw, the Pixies are loud and screechy and abrasive and sharp, and though they probably won't cut you, they'll seriously grate on your nerves if you're not careful. But that's what good rock'n'roll is all about. It gets under your skin and makes you tingle and sometimes gives you a headache. If one were to compare the Pixies to, say, cheese, they would be like one of those nicer French kinds, like Brie maybe, that you know is supposed to be really good but tastes a little nasty at first, so you have to develop a taste for it. Not like some pasteurized, processed, presliced, individually wrapped, easy-to-eat American stuff. (Bassist Kim Deal says that if forced to compare the band to cheese, she'd actually choose Swiss "just because it has so many holes.")

The Pixies may not be American cheese, but they're an American band. Their roots go back to Boston, where University of Massachusetts dropouts and fledgling guitarists Charles Thompson and Joey Santiago ran an ad in the *Boston Phoenix* in search of a bassist who was "into Hüsker Dü and Peter, Paul and Mary." Kim Deal, who had just moved to Boston from Ohio, answered the ad and recommended a drummer she'd recently met, David Lovering. That was in 1986. The next year, the Pixies (a name chosen by Santiago's flipping through a dictionary) shopped a six-song demo tape, which was picked up by Britain's 4AD label and released as an EP called *Come on Pilgrim*. This debut along with its heavier follow-up, *Surfer Rosa*, brought home the alternative and college troops. It also established the Pixies' unique guitar neurosis frenzy—a sound that can be described as being pretty weird.

"I guess it's weird," lead singer and guitarist Black Francis (a.k.a. Charles Michael Kitteridge Thompson IV) hesitantly agrees. "At least I've heard that a lot. In all honesty, though, what we do isn't contrived."

Picturing the Pixies, *clockwise from top left:* David Lovering, Joey Santiago, Kim Deal, and Black Francis.

In 1989 the band's major label debut, *Doolittle*, further honed the Pixies' sharp jagged edges, while introducing a wider spectrum of melody, such as the poppy "Here Comes Your Man" and the haunting "Monkey Gone to Heaven." *Doolittle* sold over a quarter of a million copies in the U.S., and went platinum in England.

Thompson's voice continued to stick out of the Pixie mix, not to say that he can actually *sing* or anything. It just sticks out. He alternates between two vocal styles: One is the "I've been locked in this cage for a long time so will you please be so kind as to let me out" whine/whimper. The other is the "I just put my hand on the red-hot burner of a stove" screech/scream. Both of these styles are complemented by Deal's wonderful backup vocal fills, faint and innocent, yet thick and sexy.

As for the Pixies' generally dark lyrics, many are seemingly meaningless phrases repeated over and over, while others are often simply incomprehensible, even when the words are printed on the album insert. But rather than dismiss them, the lyrics usually lead critics to be overanalytical in search of some elusive meaning. Thompson, however, seems to write words just because the music is there, because if he didn't there would simply be no, um, words.

"Let's face it," he says with a laugh. "Writing song lyrics ain't the same as writing a book.

"You don't have to preach just because you've got everyone's attention. Pop performers create more positive vibes for the planet just by relieving peoples' tension than by expressing political opinions. The people with the power don't operate in response to the real pop culture. They don't even know it exists. The audience pays to be entertained by you. They come to the shows because they want to get away."

Thompson has a reputation for being somewhat of a recluse, usually shunning even brief interviews. But in Ireland he seemed relaxed, probably due to the friendliness of the natives. We went on a sightseeing trip that eventually led us to a pub for an afternoon of conversation and Irish whiskey sampling.

The Pixies try to figure out which way is up.

A Weird Personal Thing About Each of the Pixies:

- **Joey Santiago: Can't be around anybody who's audibly chewing food. Sometimes he has to get up and leave meals because of this.**
- **David Lovering: Keeps everything in his room (whether at home or in hotels) neat, clean, folded, or hung up, and in rigid order. Kim says it's as if he's always in an army barracks.**
- **Kim Deal: On this summer's three-month European tour she spent $11,800 on long-distance phone calls to her boyfriend in New York.**
- **Charles Thompson: Doesn't understand why people would want to know weird facts about his personal life.**

I asked him about one of the stranger songs from the new album, *Trompe le Monde*, "Space, I Believe In," the only vocal line of which is a whiny repetition of the words "Jefrey, with one F. Jefrey."

"That's a good example of inspiration," explains Thompson. "My manager was complaining that it was one of my lesser inspired lyrics, but it literally was one of my *most* inspired because it came from something real. Jefrey was this expert drum player who we hired to play on some of the new songs. 'I'm Jefrey—with one F,' he says when he walks in. He was a real character. In the half hour I knew him he somehow rose above many of the other people that I've known, so I used him in the song."

Thompson partially writes off the Pixies' European popularity as simply a product of the band's frequent touring: "We play here all the time and in a lot of these places it's, like, 'Let's go to the rock show tonight. There's nothing else to do.' "

In the United States you can tour until your tongue hangs out, but unfortunately the best way to break big is to make a video that becomes a darling of MTV. The closest the Pixies had to a pop hit was "Here Comes Your Man," which sold what Thompson describes as "a ton of records" because it ran frequently on MTV.

When I mention my favorite Pixies video, the one for "Velouria" that consists entirely of one slow-motion shot of the band running over rocks, Thompson's ears prick up.

"That fucking guy Dave Kendall editorialized that one," he says, drunkenly slamming his fist on the table. "Before he showed it, he said something like, 'This is the first and last time you'll ever see this video because it stinks.' I didn't see him do it, but somebody told me. It's like 'Fuck you, buddy.' The people that watch *120 Minutes* are hopefully some of the few that might see the light at the end of the pop tunnel. He shouldn't have to tell them what to think."

So far there's no video in the works for any of the songs on *Trompe le Monde* (which means "fool the world"), an album that returns to a harsher Pixies sound on songs like "Planet of Sound," "The Sad Punk," and "U-Mass" (the latter written during Thompson and Santiago's school days). The abrasiveness partially abandoned on last year's semi-but-not-entirely-disappointing *Bossanova* (which nevertheless sold as well as its predecessor) returns, aided by Thompson's classic vocal delivery.

"Basically he's just screaming again," explains Deal.

"It wasn't all that intentional," says Thompson. "But we were a little pissed off that people were accusing us of going so damn mellow on *Bossanova*. Not that I really care. I just don't like this 'They were hard and then they were soft and now they're hard again.' Pop music is comprised of the hard and the soft. To deal in the soft isn't breaking any tradition. As soon as you become more adept at playing your instruments you're liable to play a little softer."

But anyhow, this one's hard again.

BACKSTAGE AT DUBLIN'S THE Point, the Pixies are preparing for their set. A piece about Ride comes on European *MTV News* and Deal notices that the interview is from a recent big festival at which the Pixies headlined.

"Hey, why aren't they showing us on there, too?" she asks disappointedly.

"Probably because you told everybody there to fuck off," Thompson answers, laughing.

Deal explains that the interviewer had said something like, "There are rumors that none of you like being in the Pixies anymore," and that it had made her mad.

"We're really a fringe act no matter how you cut it up. We're sub–Elvis Costello."

Thompson has trouble figuring out why reporters are so interested in behind-the-scenes Pixies politics at all, or about the separate personalities of its members.

"We're really a fringe act no matter how you cut it up," he stresses. "We're sub–Elvis Costello. I don't see why everyone needs to know so much about us as individuals."

Later that night the band plays to a sold-out crowd of about 6,000 screaming teens who just can't seem to get enough loud noise. The Pixies churn through song after song, standing pretty still and not saying much except for a couple of vague one liners from Deal ("We played here one time before," she murmurs, and the crowd roars). The Pixies make the kids happy. That's their job.

"It turns more and more into a job all the time," Thompson confessed earlier, sipping his whiskey. "But it's still better than any other job that I can think of, except maybe being an astronaut. But we're sort of late for that now."

BART EVERLY

After all, if smoking isn't a pleasure, why bother?

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

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ALL-DAY SUCKER

A mobile festival combining 31 flavors of alternative music—they said it couldn't be done. So how come Jane's Addiction's multiculti brainchild turned out to be the summer's hottest tour?

MARK BLACKWELL and JIM GREER give Lollapalooza a good licking.

LOLLAPALOOZA'S IN THE HOUSE (BUT WE'RE NOT)

Sunday, 5:15 PM., Irvine Meadows Arena, Irvine, California.

SPIN reporters Mark and Jim are wearily triumphant, having finally cajoled their way to the Lollapalooza backstage area, after waiting over an hour outside the venue gates with all the other nobodies who couldn't score tix to the show. (They had a fistful of passes, which were the wrong color or something.) The duo heads for the stands, yet when the two reach the entrance, an ornery-looking security beast informs them that in addition to their VIP (a.k.a. Very Insignificant Person) passes they need regular tickets to actually see the show.

"But we're from SPIN," explains Mark.

"Yeah, right," growls the security beast.

Frustrated but determined, they attempt to go backstage again to complain.

"You can't come back here," snorts the backstage security beast, who looks kind of like a pumped-up Rick Moranis. "You need some little gold stars on your passes."

"These guys are worse than the Mouse Nazis at Disneyland," says Jim. "We can't go forward and we can't go back."

"Guess we'll just have to sit on the grass over by the Art Shack and check out the babes," says Mark.

"Guess so," says Jim.

"Lollapalooza's in the house, boyeeeee!" Ice-T shouts from the distant stage.

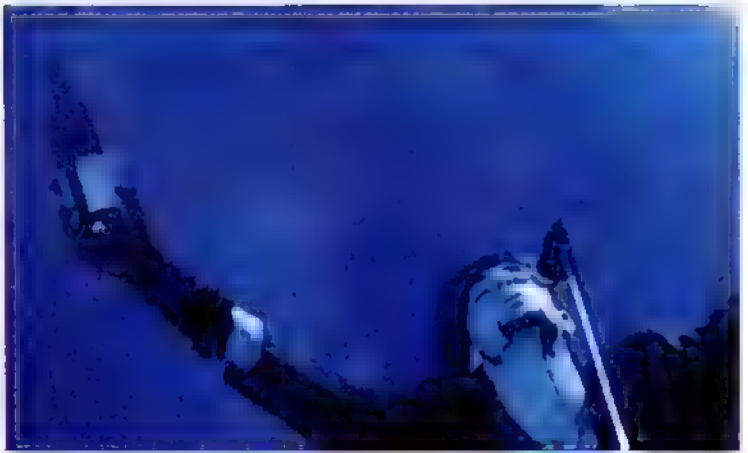
Welcome to the Lollapaloozan Experience.

LOLLAPALOOZA MEANS, DEPENDING ON WHOM YOU ASK, EITHER A) "something very striking or exceptional," b) "a big red lollipop," or c) "a bunch of bands playing for nine straight hours on a really hot day." This particular Lollapalooza, the soi-disant all-day arts/entertainment/information festival, is sort of a combination of all three. The bands involved—Jane's Addiction, Siouxsie and the Banshees, Living Colour, Nine Inch Nails, Ice-T, Butthole Surfers, and the Rollins Band—represent a neat cross-section of what is today called "alternative music," a term that, if it means anything, denotes a common lack of radio airplay. Despite this, Lollapalooza is undeniably the hottest tour of the year thus far, selling out and adding dates even as Guns N' Roses are struggling to fill venues on their much-hyped comeback tour.

By the time you read this, Lollapalooza will be over, and if you missed it, you missed an Important Event. Clearly something is afoot here, though it's not entirely certain what. Most of the fans who came to see the shows were cut from a less-than-variegated cloth, which on the one hand means that Jane's Addiction front man (and primary force behind Lollapalooza) Perry Farrell was wrong when he predicted in *Elle* that the tour would attract "all kinds of different people from neighborhoods not like their own." But on the other hand it means that alternative music has many more supporters than most music-industry mavens had previously thought, and that something dangerously close to a cohesive movement is slouching towards the suburbs and malls of America to be born. A quick T-shirt check proves this: Morrissey, Pixies, TAD, Front 242, Sonic Youth—a litany of "alternative" bands connected only by their fans' devotion in the face of mainstream neglect.

Nevertheless, Lollapalooza is emphatically *not* some sort of Woodstock redux. The festival is pretty much just a bunch of bands playing their usual sets. Most of the groups had only a cursory acquaintance with each other prior to the tour, and so far seem pretty content to keep it that way. Any sense of a Lollapaloozan community must come not from the musicians, but from the kids in the audience. For their part, they seem more interested in hanging out, seeing bands, and throwing Frisbees on a beautiful sunny Cali day than in perusing the issues booths or Perry Farrell's hand-picked displays of local art. Which, after all, is as it should be, less a show of political/cultural apathy than a healthy sense of priorities. This *is* the '90s, for chrissakes.

CHRISTINE ALICINO



This page, clockwise from top right: Living Colour's Corey Glover, Butthole Surfers, Living Colour's Muzz Skillings, Perry Farrell and bottle, Siouxsie and Ice-T, and Lollapaloozers. *Facing page*: Jane's Addiction's Perry Farrell

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN DWARVES AND MIDGETS

Sunday, 9:00 A.M., San Diego, California

Mark and Jim stumble bleary-eyed onto the Butthole Surfers' tour bus en route from San Diego to Irvine.

"Isn't this a shitty bus?" says bassist Jeff Pinkus. "We got ripped off. They told us the only other person to use it was Vanilla Ice. We were like, 'Yes!' But they fuckin' lied to us."

The day before, the two writers had gotten their first dose of Lollapalooza, under deceptively hazy San Diego skies that left them both beet-red with sunburn. After the Buttholes' enjoyable set (singer-guitarist Gibby Haynes spent the whole 45 minutes at the side of the stage howling into a rack of vocal effects and never once acknowledging the audience), the two went backstage to arrange this morning's bus ride and were offered some whiskey which, despite Jim's paranoia, didn't turn out to have 150 hits of acid in it.

Even so, neither writer feels particularly alert on the bus at this early hour, and when the conversation takes a precipitous turn into the esoteric they look at each other helplessly.

"Maybe you can help settle this," Gibby proclaims. "Do you guys know the difference between midgets and dwarves? Which one has perfect proportions, except in miniature?"

"Uh, I think that's a midget," replies Jim.

"That makes sense," says Jeff, "because midget horses are in proportion. Have you ever seen one of those? They're cool."

"Uh, no," replies Mark.

The Butthole Surfers' Gibby claims that "you haven't lived until you've seen the bass player from Siouxsie and the Banshees hang out in his bathrobe after the show."

SPIN: Are things pretty organized so far?

Jeff: Yeah. But when we were playing yesterday it seemed as if the crew were, like, "Let's close the curtain . . . no, let's open the curtain back up"; then they're, like, "Let's walk behind the band for a while."

SPIN: What about the art and politics booths?

Gibby: The stuff was pretty pitiful, but it would've been hard to organize something like that and get high quality. You'd have to pay some really smart person a lot of money.

SPIN: What do you think of the lineup?

Gibby: I guess since people bought the tickets it works. It doesn't really matter if anybody goes home from a rock show, or anything you pay under a hundred bucks for, dissatisfied.

SPIN: Who are people coming to see?

Gibby: We were trying to figure that out yesterday 'cause everybody was there early, and. . . . Hey man! We're coming to an immigration checkpoint! Quick, go get in the back! Open the windows, get some fresh air in here!

FIVE THINGS TO KNOW ABOUT THE BUTTHOLE SURFERS:

1. They have no idea how they ended up a part of this tour.
2. Gibby claims that "you haven't lived until you've seen the bass player from Siouxsie and the Banshees hang out in his bathrobe after the show."
3. Jeff highly recommends not seeing Siouxsie and the Banshees' set.
4. Mark caught one of the shells from the shotgun that Gibby fires into the audience.
5. Gibby, noticing there were very few black fans in San Diego, approached one of the kids in the crowd and said, "Hey, man, you are one rare black dude."

ONE RARE BLACK DUDE

Sunday, 12:00 Noon, Irvine, California

Ice-T's cool. Half of his Lollapalooza set is rap and the other half's metal, which he performs furiously with his new band Body Count. A good many in the mostly white audience, even the ones who haven't modeled themselves after 3rd Bass, know the words to his rap songs. But pretty much everyone's confused when he sends the DJ away and whips out the metal players. Ice pretty much screamraps (the chorus to "Body Count" is simply a repeated "Fuck you!") to the band's precise but Spinal Tap-ish delivery, which includes standard-issue guitar, bass, and drum solos. (Ice told a fellow reporter that he lets the band guys solo because "it's the only way they can get laid.") This is definitely a multicultural, um . . . whatever.

SPIN: Why are you doing the band thing?

Ice-T: It's just something I wanted to do. I've listened to more punk than probably most of these kids here in the audience. A lot of white kids would say, "Damn, I'd love to be a rapper." I always listened to metal and said, "I wish I could do this," so now I am.

SPIN: How does rap relate to rock?

Ice-T: Rap is a call-and-response–type thing, where in rock you pretty much just put your head down and play. But the transformation from rap to metal is smooth. Same attitude. Like I say onstage: "I'm here to prove that rock'n'roll is just a state of mind." What makes this tour important is that all these groups have broken ground in their own areas. My show comes off the weirdest because there's something going on that you ain't ready for.

SPIN: There aren't many black people at the shows.

Ice-T: No, they're not really promoting this to the black crowds, but I don't really have problems with it because the white kids that want to see me have a chance now. A lot them have never seen me because of the hype that rap shows are violent, which is bullshit. The last person in trouble at a rap show is a white kid 'cause the black kids are tripping on each other and they figure the white kid's probably a cop anyway.

THE ICE-T FIVE LIST

1. His bus is a lot nicer than the Butthole Surfers'.
2. He hasn't checked out the political booths yet because he says if he goes into the crowd, he himself "becomes a booth."
3. Everybody that has any connection to him wears the same black clothes with SYNDICATE written all over them.
4. He says he knows all the words to Jane's Addiction's songs.
5. He says Siouxsie and the Banshees are "cool, but not really my thang."

PRETTY VACANT

Monday, 5:00 P.M., Four Seasons Hotel, Newport Beach, California

Since there's no show today, the SPIN reporters justify their lounging around the hotel all day doing absolutely nothing by the fact that the video for Siouxsie and the Banshees' "Kiss Them for Me" comes on MTV twice, so it's kind of like research for the day's interview.

Siouxsie and the Banshees look a lot like Adam and the Ants used to, except that Siouxsie's a girl, but then again Adam Ant always looked a lot like a girl himself. Mark and Jim don't much cotton to Siouxsie's music, except for "Kiss Them for Me," since they saw it on MTV; and the big gothic-like stage backdrop was cool because it sort of glowed in the dark. But everyone else seemed real happy when they played.

Especially the scary-looking goth babes, of whom there were a surprising number in the audience (one of whom turned out to be a goth *dude* when approached by Mark and Jim). To them, Siouxsie is a goddess incarnate, a sort of pancake-makeup princess whose eye shadow contains a shade of God's truth. (Despite the fact that Siouxsie herself has not too recently given up the goth thing for a stripped down wasted-flapper kind of look. But hell, we Americans can't be expected to follow every British fashion victim's whim, can we? At least not until three or four years later.)

And in fairness to the Siouxish One, she does give really good show. The woman obviously works out constantly (she must be getting on, after all; the first Banshees show was, what, 35 years ago?), and her set was consistently sprightly. Drummer and longtime companion Budgie's bright blue and purple suits provide a neat aesthetic counterpoint to the tasteful stage lighting, too.

The SPIN reporters meet the band in the hotel restaurant for a pleasant teatime chat, as Roxette's "It Must Have Been Love (But It's Over Now)" pipes over the speakers. No one has much to say to each other, but everyone enjoys not saying it.

SPIN: Are you happy with the tour so far?

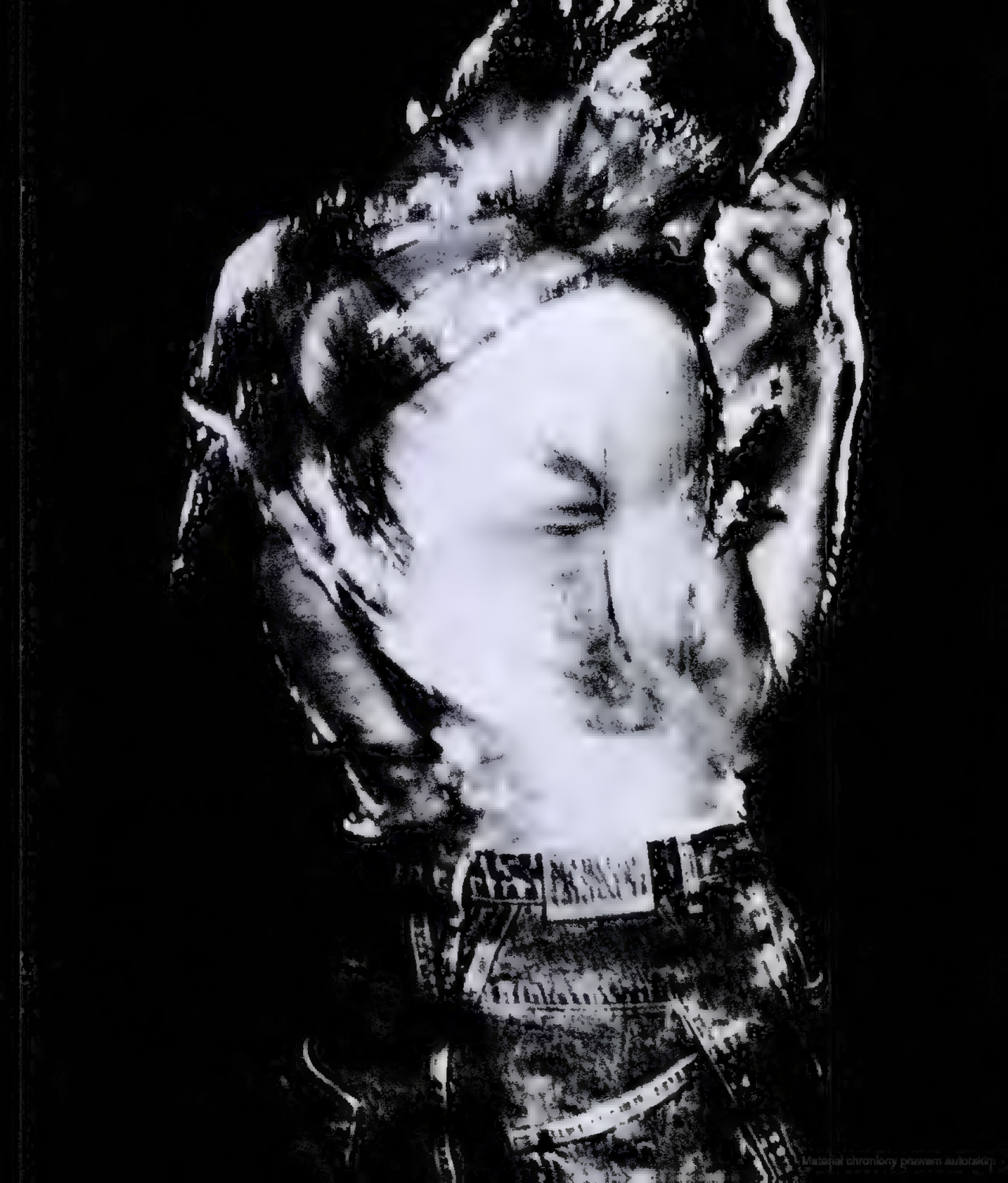
Siouxsie: It's great. This is the most people we've played to in America. It's getting more exciting as it goes on, and feels like it's a good thing to be part of.

SPIN: Have you seen Ice-T's metal band?

Siouxsie: Yeah. I thought, "Who the fuck is that onstage? I thought Ice-T was supposed to be on." That shocked me. It was great!

Budgie: We were a little worried 'cause there are so many of these big guys with black shirts on. What are they called?

SPIN: The Syndicate.



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Budgie: Big guys with black shirts each carrying about six other big guys with them.
Siouxsie: So have you seen any shows yet?
SPIN: One. We tried to get in yesterday but couldn't.
Budgie: Me too. The guards wouldn't let me in.
SPIN: You're kidding! [Purple suit, sure, but no gold stars.] Any other problems so far?
Budgie: Not really, but that's kind of a part of this whole thing. You don't get really any chance to check your gear before you go on. That's what's different about lots of bands touring like this.
SPIN: Have you had a chance to interact with the other bands?
Siouxsie: I've said hello to everyone but half the time I don't know who I'm saying hello to. I don't know very many people yet.
SPIN: What about the exhibits?
Budgie: I had a wander around them. I was a bit surprised to see that they were all contained in one tent.
Siouxsie: I thought they'd all have their own tent, but it was nice, for example, that there was an abortion rights booth and a pro-life booth in the same room. Both sides of the coin.
SPIN: Seems to be a real clean-cut crowd.
Siouxsie: It does seem controlled. No drunken naked kids dancing around a bonfire painting their bodies.
SPIN: (Jim) I was thinking of another question, but my mind's gone completely blank. Mark, do you know what it was?
SPIN: (Mark) Uh, no, Jim, I don't.

FIVE THINGS PERTAINING TO BANSHEES:
1. They had their own private Port-O-Johnny labeled SIOUXSIE backstage in San Diego, which amused the Butthole Surfers no end.
2. Siouxsie loved *Terminator 2*.
3. Whenever Mark and Jim passed the hotel bar, Siouxsie was there.
4. A friend of Mark's and Jim's calls the band Siouxsie and the Body for pretty obvious reasons.
5. When Mark ran into Siouxsie the next night, she kept making fun of Jim's bout of amnesia.

NUMBER TWO
Monday 12:30 P.M., Irvine, California

Mark and Jim were determined not to watch Nine Inch Nails. They were sure they'd hate Nine Inch Nails. They were also completely wrong. Nine Inch Nails turned out to be probably the best band they saw. Which just goes to show, uh, something.

So in San Diego, Mark and Jim went across the street to eat at Carl's Jr., during the NIN set. The next day, feeling guilty, they tried to see them but were denied entrance as described earlier in the fascinating introductory portion of this article. On Monday, however, armed with enough passes to get them inside any nuclear-weapons facility in the country, the writers managed to catch the entire set.

What they saw was quite remarkable—a cross-hybridization of industrial dance rhythms with hardcore guitar riffs and a furious, violent energy that left much of the band's equipment in pieces by the end of the set. Lead vocalist-guitarist-songwriter Trent Reznor howled in apparently genuine pain as he hurled himself around the stage bumping into and pushing other members of the band. The keyboardist, for instance, often had to finish a song bent over his organ on his knees after Reznor had knocked him and it over.

Right: Techno-cowboys Nine Inch Nails, harbingers of the new industrial revolution, staring down the future. *Below*: Ice-T adjusts his smile.

"Like I say onstage: 'I'm here to prove that rock'n'roll is just a state of mind.' "
—Ice-T

Even if all the mayhem was just for effect, it was effective. NIN's repertoire is almost beside the point in the context of their transfixing show. Slogan songs such as "Head Like a Hole" are lent a depth not discernible on record by the visceral kick of live performance. All of which made Jim and Mark look forward to their scheduled talk with NIN's guiding light, the wayward Trent Reznor.

It's doubly unfortunate, then, that Mark ran off with some stupid girl from one of the bands for most of the day, leaving Jim to operate Mark's complicated tape recorder, which he couldn't figure out, so there's no record of the NIN interview.

FIVE THINGS YOU'LL NOW KNOW ABOUT NIN:
1. Guitarist Richard Patrick's brother plays the evil terminator in *Terminator 2*.
2. Their T-shirts outsold those of any other Lollapalooza band.
3. Rumor has it that the real reason the band ended its set after two songs on opening night was not technical malfunction but because it was too hot outside.
4. Ice-T could often be found at the side of the stage checking out Reznor's moves.
5. Their fog and strobe lights looked sort of silly in broad daylight, but were still pretty cool.

REGARDING HENRY
Monday, 3:30 P.M., Irvine, California

The Rollins Band was the last act added to the Lollapalooza lineup, and perhaps as a result was stuck with the unenviable opening slot. Which apparently fazes neither the man nor his band one bit. ("After the third song," quoth Henry, "I don't notice anything.") And anyway, the kids have been showing up to the shows very early, so that by the time Rollins goes on the place is generally at least two-thirds full.

Henry Rollins, the man, adheres to a daunting work ethic that consists in part of relentless exercise (Mark and Jim spotted him doing chin-ups backstage with Ice-T) coupled with unending coffee consumption. His band, both live and on record, is one of the tightest and most intense units working today.

SPIN: Do you think this tour will foster any sense of community, whether among the fans, or among the bands themselves?
Henry: I don't know—I never thought about it. What *is* being made evident by the Lollapalooza festival is that bands that aren't "mainstream" can have enormous drawing power. Jane's Addiction could probably sell out this thing alone. We toured with them earlier this year and they'd play the same night as Nelson—these multiplatinum hair farmers—and Jane's would draw 10,000 people and Nelson like 2,800. So, there's a real interest in what could be called underground music.

THE HENRY LIST:
1. In San Diego, Henry asked of the audience only two favors: "Keep plenty of water in your bodies and get home in one piece."
2. According to the Butthole Surfers, Henry actually smiled on the day of the San Diego show.
3. The Rollins Band has been blowing away the Buttholes so far. Just ask the Buttholes. ("It's a

continued on page 106

CHRISTINE ALICINO

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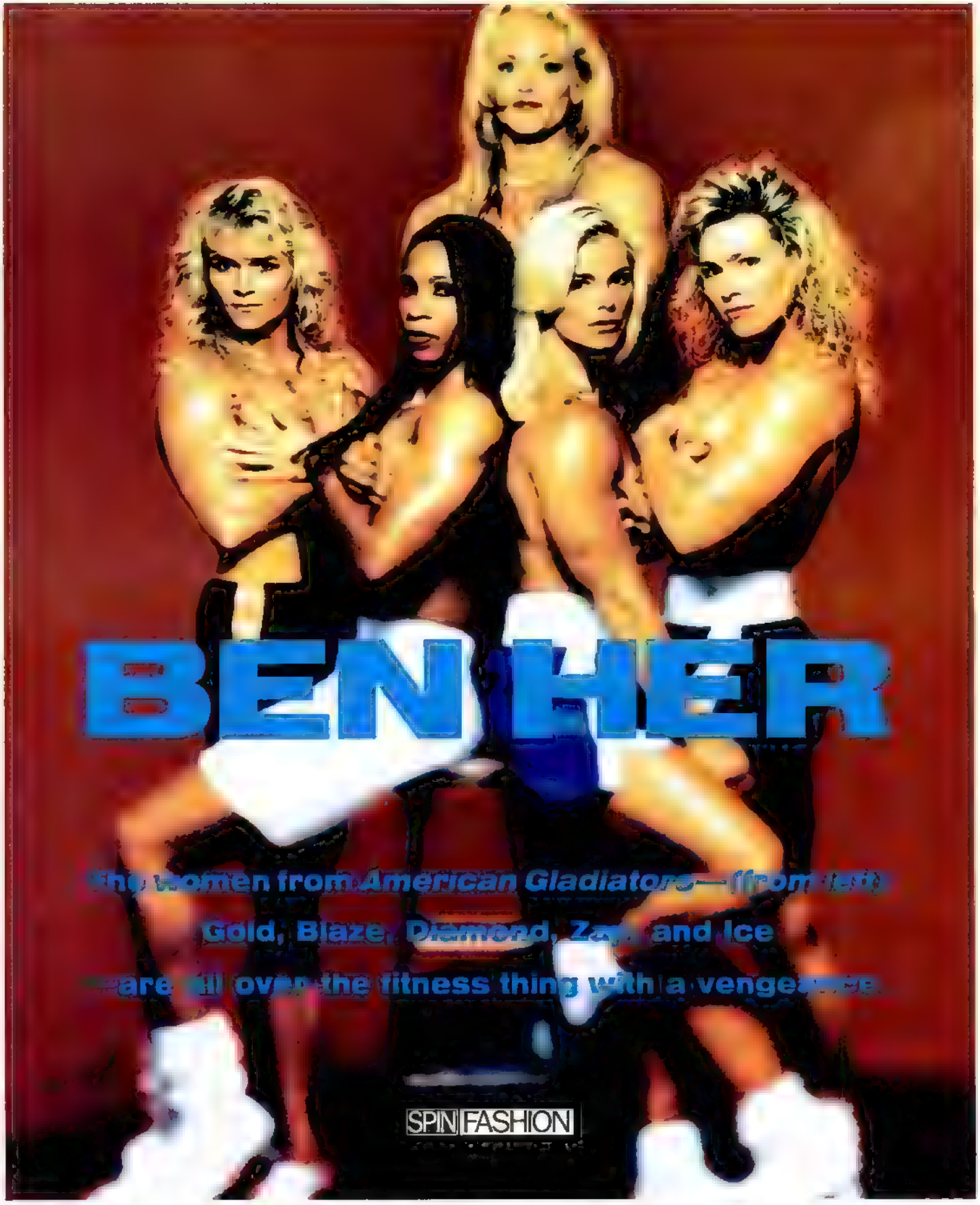
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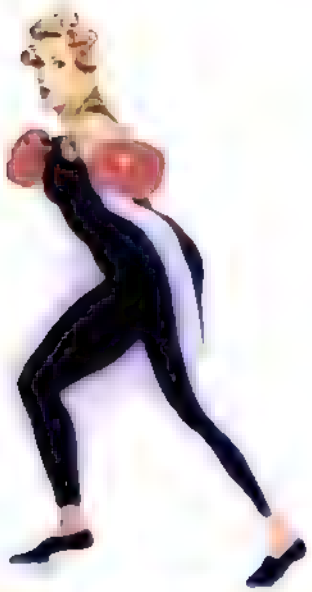

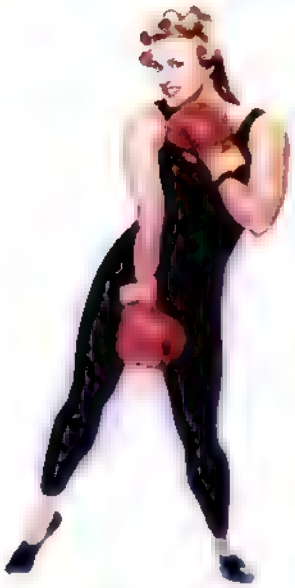

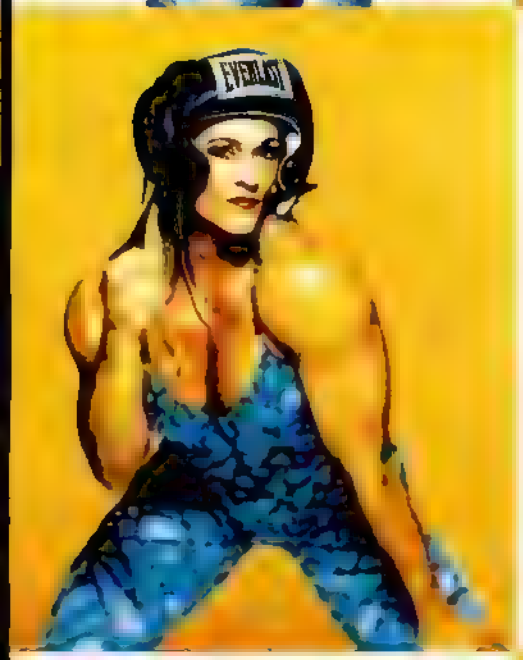

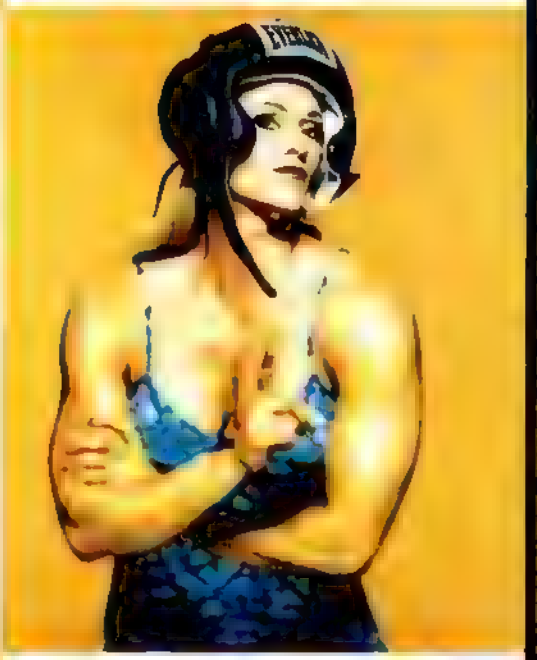

superathletes against challengers from around the country, once again boobs smiting to the forefront of entertainment. Today's gladiatrix is a far cry from ancient times. But like their ancient counterparts, the Hollywood-version gladiators have comic-book names designed to evoke mystery and awe. Meet Gold, Ice, Diamond, Blaze and Rap. They look like cheerleaders who could have substituted for their varsity-team [illegible] and certainly would have looked better than any other players on the team.

Fashion editor: John R. Chase • Photographer: David Prevost • Hair and makeup: Wendy Cannaliato for Cloutier • Fashion assistants: Mary Ehrle

A Tribe Called Quest's sophomore sojourn is a stripped-down, jazz-flavored hip hop masterpiece. But,

JOAN MORGAN

wonders, can the trio with brio survive in the marketplace?

the last poets?

It was the week of the New Music Seminar and I was Hip Hop Love Slave. Like most women who love too much, I went from one abusive rap relationship to another, carelessly leaving pieces of myself behind. Leaders of the New School had the verve, the Nubians had the whip appeal; De La stole the Soul, Cube and Yo-Yo vic'ed the vocals, and KRS took whatever was left of my mind. So understand that when the UPS man rang the doorbell bearing more B-boy ballistics, I was not trying to hear it—not even if the *it* was *The Low End Theory*, a much-coveted copy of the new A Tribe Called Quest album. (Nothing personal, pretty babies, but the temp is 105 and I gots no more to give.) But, as Ntozake Shange says, "The love space demands." So I took a cold shower, laid my broken, silenced, nude body on the edge of the futon, closed my eyes, and prayed for a quickie. No can do, Boo—what I got was a groove that went on and on and on. Laced with some of the sweetest, simplest, funkiest jazz riffs evah to be put on hip hop vinyl, *The Low End Theory* danced me across my room, cradled me to sleep, coaxed me back to consciousness, and did me lovely all over again.

Despite much pressure from its label, Tribe has refused to make the new album a sophomoric regurgitation of material past. Much less busy than *People's Instinctive Travels and the Paths of Rhythm*, *The Low End Theory* is an attempt to give rap a much-needed shove back to the basics. "Rap is starting not to be rap anymore," reflects a somber Q-Tip. "It's turning into something else. Somebody does something and everybody else follows and the whole thing is getting way off mark. We had to try to bring it back a little bit. The last album was introductory; we wanted to show that we could do a conceptual album. This album is just basically songs, it's straight-up rap. The subject matter is more straightforward, less riddle-y, and the beats are harder."

But harder beats do not mean that the trio has abandoned its trademark coolness to bow before the god of gangsta bass—the ruling bass here is acoustic. Veteran jazz man Ron Carter lends singular flavor to DJ Ali Shaheed Mohammed's raw elemental riffs, the perfect backdrop for Tip's abstract improvisational poetics. Get ready for the megaendorphin release as Tip drops shit such as "Girls love the jim cause it causes crazy friction / When it goes up in, it fluctuates the diction." Meanwhile, Phife's kick-ass rhyme style proves he is one of the fiercest MCs ever to flex on the M–1–C.

Despite the apparent nuptial bliss of this jazz–hip hop marriage, Ali hopes that critics will resist the temptation to classify the group as jazz–hip hop artists and "just say A Tribe Called Quest makes good fuckin' music. It was never our intent to make a jazz–hip hop album; we chose the samples 'cause we liked the music." Tip concurs, saying, "Ali is right, but there are a lot of similarities between jazz and hip hop. Like rap, jazz was never really given the credit it was due and when it was, it was exploited. You've got artists like Kenny G and Najee, who are good and all, but when you listen to Miles Davis's *Bitches Brew*, you know there are two different sects. That's how rap is now: MC Pop and the Go-Getters versus MC Street and the Do-Wrongers. We also chose it because as an instrumental music, jazz speaks. The tracks we used set moods and they speak to people along with the lyrics."

But speak to whom? No longer novices to the ills of the industry, the trio is aware that they are in an era where gangsta-, pop-, and booty-rap rule, and general consumer tastes leave much to be desired. Scary but true, this hip hop classic may never get the commercial success it deserves. "I'm not really worried about it," says Phife. "I know a lot of people are going to expect us to repeat what we did before. I'm just hoping they'll let us grow." Then he smiles. "I know Tip is worried; he worries about everything. One second he's running out the studio smiling and saying this shit is def. The next day he's sulking and everything sucks. . . . He's *sooooo* insecure." Is the silver-tongued Smooth Operator really the Manic Depressive MC? "I'm not going to front," confesses Tip. "I worry a lot. Kids today aren't passionate about the music; they don't really pay attention to it the way our parents used to. I worry that they won't get what I'm saying, or worse—they'll think they do when they really don't. Nowadays everybody wants you to have a gimmick or a catch. You just can't be a poet."

A Tribe, *from left*: Phife, Q-Tip, and Ali Shaheed Mohammed

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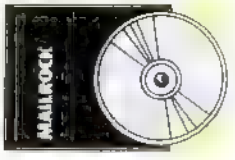

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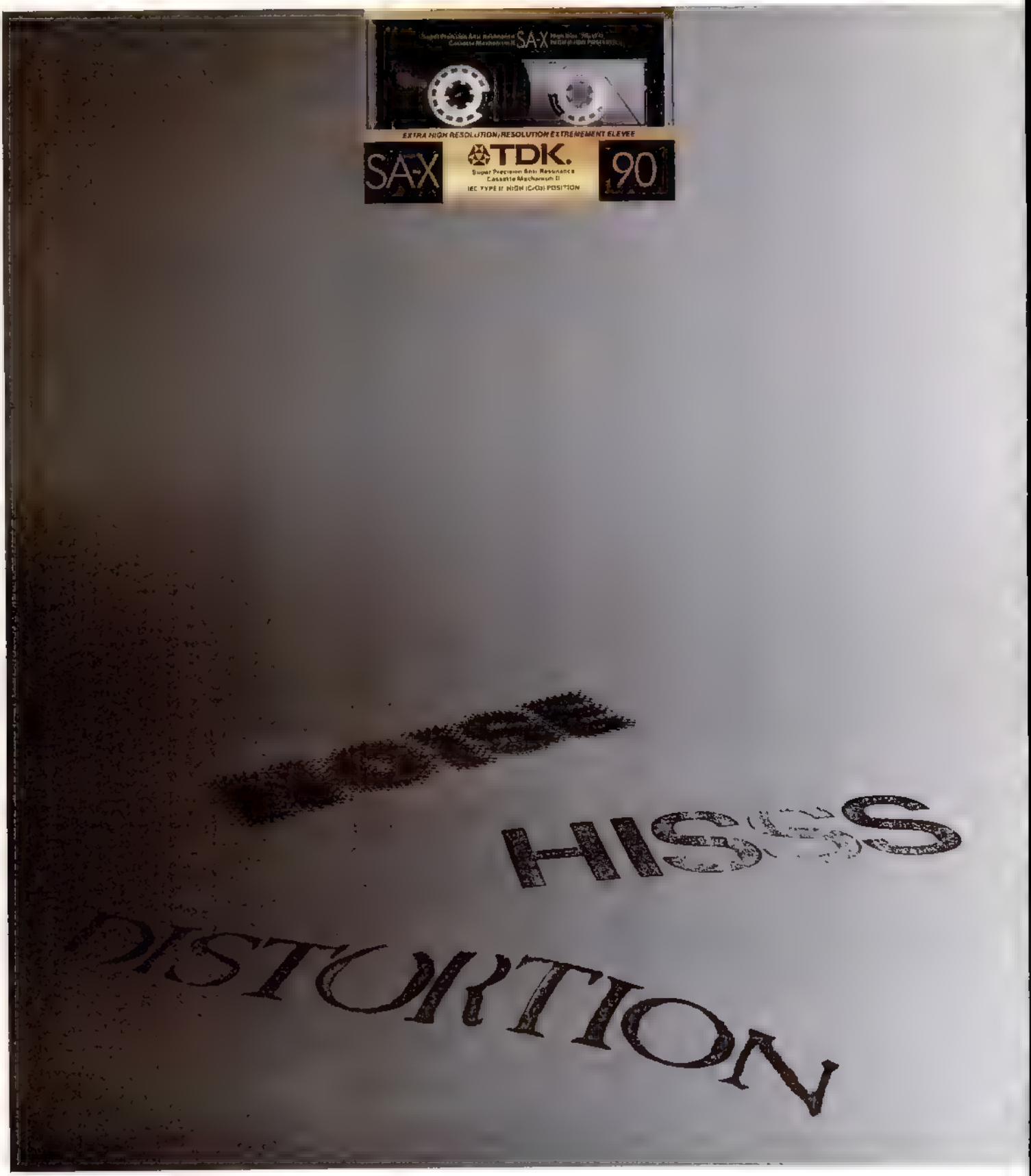
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WILLIAM TELLS

"Do you remember the alien abductions of Betty and Barney Hill?" William S. Burroughs asked me as we sat in the living room of his small suburban ranch house in Lawrence, Kansas.

Burroughs was sitting at the table by the wall, legs crossed, hunched over in his chair. His long, bony fingers played with a box of stick matches as he puffed on a Players Navy Cut nonfilter cigarette and nursed a tall glass of Coca-Cola and vodka. I sat in a chair across from him, not really concentrating on the conversation, but listening, watching, and soaking up the atmosphere of being with

WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS, MORE DANGEROUS THAN N.W.A, REMAINS THE FATHER OF POST-WORLD WAR AMERICAN RADICALISM. HE'S STILL NURSING TO FILM HIS *NAKED LUNCH*, THE LAST BOOK EVER TO BE BANNED IN THE U.S. LEGS MCNEIL TREKKED TO THE HEARTLAND TO TALK TO AMERICA'S FAVORITE JUNKIE.

CHRIS BUCK

the man who started it all.

Burroughs looked up from the box of stick matches, his face pale and gaunt, like a mortician with a hangover, and his eyes asked if we remembered those alien abductions? I quickly nodded back, and he continued.

"The most interesting thing to me was that the aliens found out Barney had false teeth. They said to Betty, 'Well, how come his teeth come out if yours don't?' And she tried to explain to them that people break down with time and age. And they asked her, 'What is age? What is time?' They had never heard of this. . . . " Burroughs paused, then snorted to himself, his thin lips turning up a slight wicked grin.

Even though I had known Burroughs since 1975, I still found being in his presence unnerving. No, it wasn't that sneer of his that made you feel like you were sharing a laugh with the Grim Reaper himself. No, it wasn't his ghostly looks or his piercing intensity. No, it wasn't any of that stuff, but the Voice.

It's a deep crackly thing that enunciates every syllable with an evil distinction. And after all this time, I've still never heard anything like it. It's a kind of midwestern drawl, mixed with equal parts professorial rattle, sarcastic howl, and agonizing moan. It's the type of voice that, even when it's making small talk, is so filled with the gravel of hard roads traveled that I always expect everything that comes out of it to be of monumental importance. Like the voice of God. Or the Devil.

"Time," Burroughs finally revealed, "is a human invention!" Then he snickered again, satisfied with figuring it all out.

But as I sat across from the 77-year-old Master of Human Depravity, I kept thinking, How bizarre! How totally fucking weird!

Not because of what Burroughs was saying. Talking to him was always out there, around the next corner. But since he always based his arguments on the weirdest sources, even if you weren't focusing in on the point, there was always plenty of fascinating shit to go off on, to drift beyond the parameters of reason.

So it wasn't his talk of alien abduction that sounded the alarm. It wasn't what he was saying, but *where* he was saying it.

Outside you could hear the lawn mower engines wailing from distant lawns. Across the street, in the driveway of one of the ranch houses, elderly women with white frosted hair and extra-large J.C. Penney outfits were unloading dishes of macaroni salad and Jell-O molds from the tailgate of a red and white and blue striped jeep. And just beyond these ranch houses lay the massive fields—"amber waves of grain." Ah yes, the heartland. The entire place was just throbbing with normalcy.

And I couldn't help but wonder if the good, churchgoing, red-blooded, normal Americans just beyond the front porch knew they were living next door to the Devil himself.

For more than any other man, dead or alive, William S. Burroughs is the one responsible for introducing deviancy into the mainstream of American culture. As author of *Junky*, *Naked Lunch*, *Nova Express*, *The Wild Boys*, and *Cities of the Red Night*, to name a few, this is the man who fathered the Beats, the man who is grandfather to the hippies and godfather to the punks, the guy who inspired Jack Kerouac, Allen Ginsberg, and Neal Cassady to push it to the limit, the homosexual and avowed misogynist who accidentally shot and killed his wife in a drunken game of William Tell, the writer who became a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, the lifelong junkie who shot up in squalid hotel rooms around the world and in the process managed to snag a Commander de l'Ordre Arts et Lettres from the French government for writing about it. And you just knew that if the good citizens in the neighborhood had any idea of who was living next door, they would run for the hills. If, that is, the good neighbors ever found a moment to steal away from *Wheel of Fortune* to pick up one of his books. But since Americans have forgotten how to read, that wasn't going to happen; Burroughs remains safe from the God-fearing folks.

But maybe not his fans. The previous evening two radical gay bikers, members of Homocorp, showed up on psychedelic motorcycles and black leather jackets to have a word with their idol.

"I had just come back from shooting [targets]," Burroughs laughed. "I was out shooting, and I pulled in the driveway and there were these psychedelic motorcycles there. I looked around, and there were these two guys sitting across the road. They were wearing all sorts of handcuffs on their black leather jackets. And I said, 'Are you waiting for me?'

"They said yes. They wanted an interview. It was just like a page out of *The Wild Boys*."

James Grauerholz, a lanky blond-haired man in his late 30s, came out of the kitchen and nodded as he heard the story. "There is a slight problem with that sort of thing though."

As Burroughs's personal adjutant for 18 years, Grauerholz has seen Burroughs grow from obscure legend to movie star since taking on Burroughs's business affairs in 1974. Today he runs William Burroughs Communications, located in downtown Lawrence, where he keeps track of Burroughs's paintings (his abstract expressionist works, complete with shotgun blasts, are shown throughout Europe), new releases of Burroughs's latest spoken-word records (*Dead City Radio*, produced by Hal Willner and Nelson Lyon, featuring such hipsters as John Cale, Sonic Youth, and Donald Fagen, and the Material album *Seven Souls* produced by Bill Laswell for Virgin Records), film offers, and the 20 books that have been published in 14 languages.

"William can't just jump on the back of psychedelic motorcycles and cruise the streets. These kids always say, 'Hey come on, let's go party!' And William has to say, 'Hey I just got home, I'm about to have dinner with my cats.' "

Burroughs and I erupted with laughter. Then he took the opportunity to slip into his bedroom and returned clutching a handgun from his large collection.

"It's a derringer!" he beamed with all the pride of a kid with his first BB gun. Only the gun was so small it looked like an ornament off a charm bracelet or a key chain.

"It's a derringer in the sense that it's got five shots in there. And it shoots the bullets that killed Bobby Kennedy. It's a deadly weapon. Look at it! Isn't it cute?"

"Ah yeah, sure Bill. . . . "

"And it's real conceivable. Five shots. Shoots the bullets that killed Bobby Kennedy. It can go through a two-by-four and keep on going. Costs about a hundred and forty-five . . . "

"Nice, real nice. So how was it working and being in *Drugstore Cowboy*?" I asked, changing the subject. Burroughs's Hollywood debut at 75, as the junkie priest opposite Matt Dillon and Kelly Lynch in the film about a drug-addict couple in the '60s, was a smash success. As Roger Ebert said, "With his skull shining through his eyes and his dry voice and his laugh like a smoker's cough, Burroughs creates a perfect moment." After 76 years, William S. Burroughs was finally a bankable Hollywood commodity.

"Writers can write scripts that read beautifully but might not be worth putting on writers tend to *write* the script—rather than write it as a manual of instructions,

"Well, the way they had it written, I said, 'This is completely inaccurate.' So my good friend Gus Van Sant, the director, said, 'Well, go ahead and rewrite the part.' So James changed the whole thing, and I put a polish on it. We really rewrote the part, and Gus accepted our rewrite. But it was much longer than what you see in the film. I had a story in there that they deleted. It was about some junkies in a jail cell that conceal some junk and some needles, and they start cooking up in a tin cup."

"Were you surprised with all your good reviews?"

"Well, I wouldn't say that I stole the show. It was just a part that I felt I could do, that's all. That's the first thing, can I do it? Can I do a good job? If I can't, I don't want to do it."

"Yeah, well, as a result I heard they asked you to be on *Twin Peaks*?"

"But they never called back. I said, find out what they want me to do, but they never called back, so what the hell? But what I really enjoyed was my collaboration with Tom Waits and Robert Wilson. They came to me with the opera *The Black Rider*, based on an old German folk legend, and I said immediately that this was the Devil's bargain! The story is about this guy who wants to marry the forester's daughter, but he has to prove he can shoot first before the forester will let him marry his daughter. And of course this guy can't hit anything so the Devil tells him, "I got these magic bullets that always hit." Well, the more you use the magic bullets the less you can get along without them. It's just like heroin. That comparison worked very well. Step right up, hell under the

CHRIS BUCK

the screen because they're too impractical; which is what a script is."

shell! Tom Waits picked right up on that. Yeah, the first one's always free!

"Tom wrote the songs; I wrote the libretto, which is the text of the story, which had to be translated into German. And Robert Wilson, the director who did *Einstein on the Beach*, directed it."

"Would you like to collaborate with Waits and Wilson again?"

"Yes," Burroughs stated very definitely. "Yes. I even sent Bob a possible script that I'd like to try. It's *Paradise Lost* by Milton. And if you remember *Paradise Lost*, all the devils are thrown down into hell, which I equated with Hiroshima. I wanted to put up Hiroshima footage and have these devils slowly rise up out of Hiroshima, and then they become aliens, the flying-saucer people. It's just a sketch. Bob is interested in it, but I don't know. I'd certainly like to work on the idea."

His eyes were alive with the thought of the damned transcending into their rightful place—UFOs. The psychic paradise.

"Remember Lucifer's big scene in *Paradise Lost*? 'Wake! Arise or be forever fallen!' And *slow-ow-ow-ly* the demons pick themselves up and rise out of Hiroshima and *become the aliens!*"

I DIDN'T KNOW IF WE WERE GOING TO GET TO IT, BUT the purpose of my visit was to talk to Burroughs about David Cronenberg's screen adaptation of his 20th-century nightmare masterpiece, *Naked Lunch*, the last book ever to be banned in the United States, the book of which Norman Mailer said, testifying before the Supreme Court of Massachusetts in 1965, "There is a sense in *Naked Lunch* of the destruction of soul, which is more intense than any I have encountered in any other modern novel. It is a vision of how mankind would act if man was totally divorced from eternity.... Nowhere, as in *Naked Lunch*'s collection of monsters, half-mad geniuses, cripples, mountebanks, criminals, perverts, and putrefying beasts is there such a modern panoply of the vanities of the human will, of the excesses of evil which occur when the idea of personal or intellectual power reigns superior to the compassions of the flesh."

Yeah, I was here to talk about that modern panoply, and how Cronenberg was going about translating it into Hollywood's megabucks. But Burroughs wasn't cooperating, preferring to dance from subject to subject, landing on whatever interested him. But what did I expect? This was the guy after all who had written a few of his books—*Nova Express*, *The Ticket That Exploded*, as well as *Naked Lunch*—using his infamous "cut-up method," a process whereby Burroughs would take a pair of scissors to his original manuscripts, newspaper headlines, forged prescriptions, whatever was lying around, chop them up, mix 'em around, and paste them down in some conscious poetic truth.

It was like that faded lettering on the window of that abandoned storefront church I had passed just over the Kansas-Missouri border that blurred together to read, CHURCH OF THE LIVING GOD: THE PILLAR GROUND OF PURCHASED BLOOD.

You knew what it meant even when it made no sense. And that's what William S. Burroughs has dedicated his life to—putting himself so far out there over the edge that the only voices out there are the howls of madness. The hideous monsters of the human psyche. A place that few men or women have dared to travel.

WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS WAS BORN ON FEBRUary 5, 1914, into the upper-middle-class home of Mortimer and Laura Lee Burroughs, where he should have had "forty million reasons not to write." His paternal grandfather, William S. Burroughs I, for whom he had been named, was the inventor of the first adding machine, a partner in the Burroughs Adding Machine Company. But William, Sr., proved a better inventor than a businessman, and at the time of his death in 1898 left Mortimer only 485 shares of the company compared to his partners 16,380. By 1920, the company had grown to assets worth $430 million, and the Burroughs family should not have been left wanting, except that, slowly, over the years, the executors of the family trust convinced Mortimer to sell his shares back to the company until nothing was left.

If the invention of the adding machine weren't enough of a legacy to ensure that the Burroughs name would live forever in the annals of modern corporate America, William, Jr., had an uncle on his mother's side, a Mr. Ivy Ledbetter Lee, who also made a contribution that revolutionized the way America does business. Only this tool was far more sinister than an adding machine, and one that William, Jr., would spend his entire life, consciously or unconsciously, trying to rectify.

"Ivy Lee started the idea of press releases; he invented modern corporate public relations." Burroughs sat over his customary afternoon vodka and soda, happy and relaxed and ready to remember the past. We had just returned from a morning of target practice at the Stoneyard, a weathered old gray barn outside Lawrence where weekly Burroughs fulfills his need to drill holes in things with big guns. "Ivy Lee said, 'They'll come to us, and we'll control the information.' He turned the tables on the press. He was a real evil genius, there's no doubt about that."

Hired by John D. Rockefeller to improve the family name after the infamous Ludlow massacre, where Rockefeller sent in the troops to quell his striking Colorado coal miners, Ivy Lee came up with the idea of sending Rockefeller into the mines to talk to his miners, hang out with them looking like he cared. It was Ivy's idea that as long as you looked like you were caring, you could get away with murder.

It was also Ivy's idea for John D. Rockefeller, Sr., to hand out dimes to the poor, and the whole concept of the Rockefeller Foundation. But then Ivy Lee fell on the public relations disaster of the century. He was hired by the Nazis just before World War II to make their image "acceptable."

"Ivy Lee was dying of a brain tumor at the time he was working for the Nazis. The last time I saw him, he said to me, 'I just saw Hitler and he told me, "I have nothing against the Jews!" ' "

Burroughs sipped on his drink, grimacing at the thought of one of his relatives helping to invent the Big Lie.

"Ivy Lee hated me on sight," Burroughs snickered, "He was part of that whole class of people that I was brought up with in St. Louis. And they

all took one look at me and said, *no!*"

As a teenager in the uptight hypocritical world of 1920s St. Louis, Burroughs, already aware of his homosexuality, felt like the ultimate outsider. He discovered the book *You Can't Win: The Autobiography of Jack Black* about the thieving world of a turn-of-the-century western criminal family and decided the life of a criminal was his calling. Writing in the introduction to the reprint of Jack Black's autobiography, Burroughs said, "I first read *You Can't Win* in 1926, in an edition bound in red cardboard. Stultified and confined by middle-class St. Louis mores, I was fascinated by this glimpse of an underworld of seedy rooming houses, pool parlors, cat houses, and opium dens; of bull pens and cat burglars and hobo jungles. I learned about the Johnson family of good bums and thieves, with a code of conduct that made more sense to me than the arbitrary, hypocritical rules that were being taken for granted as being *right* by my peers. . . . "

After a stint at a boys school in Los Alamos, New Mexico, which was later appropriated by the Army, which built the first atomic bomb on the same sight, Burroughs bummed around the country trying to make his mark in the underworld before becoming a fence for stolen goods in New York City. And it was there he discovered morphine Syrettes; his drug addiction was off and

of the soul as well as the brilliance, and they soon encountered the realities of what that meant when disaster struck within their intimate circle.

Lucien Carr and David Kammerer had been friends of Burroughs from St. Louis and, at Columbia, introduced Kerouac, Ginsberg, and Burroughs to one another. Though Carr and Kammerer were not lovers, Kammerer was obsessed with Carr, forever trying to get the younger boy into his bed. After a night of drinking in the West End Cafe, a hipster's hangout across the street from Columbia University, David Kammerer again professed his love to Lucien Carr in Riverside Park, attempting to seduce Carr. An argument ensued and Carr stabbed Kammerer to death, dumping his body in the Hudson River.

Since Carr had come first to Burroughs, then to Kerouac, for advice immediately after the killing, the two were picked up by the police as accomplices to murder after Carr finally turned himself in.

Mortimer bailed Burroughs out of jail, but Kerouac wasn't so lucky. He had to marry his girlfriend in order to get her family to come up with the bail money.

Once the two were safely out of jail, Kerouac and Burroughs collaborated on an unpublished novel about Kammerer's murder, writing alternate chapters and titling the book *And the Hippos Were Boiled in Their Tanks*, a line Burroughs stole from a radio announcer reporting on a fire at a traveling circus.

But besides fueling their creativity, the murder unleashed a Pandora's box of vices on the trio. Burroughs began rolling drunks to pay for his junk habit, Kerouac discovered Benzedrine and became a speed freak, and Ginsberg made headlines after being a passenger in a stolen car smashup. Allen got away from the scene okay, but the police discovered his notebooks in the stolen vehicle and were more horrified with his odes to homosexual love than his involvement in grand theft.

Though Burroughs was also a homosexual, Allen Ginsberg was the one who thought Burroughs might get along with Kerouac's Benzedrine buddy Joan Vollmer, and arranged a meeting. Indeed, Burroughs found a kindred soul in Vollmer, hitting it off so well that they became lovers and moved in together.

Vollmer was devoted to Burroughs, who, though he cared for her, became incapable of showing her any affection, preferring to spend his days pursuing heroin until he was arrested for possession and sent back to St. Louis.

From there Burroughs moved to Texas, bought some land, and tried his hand of farming until he discovered that back in New York Vollmer's Benzedrine addiction had gotten so serious that she was locked up in the psycho ward at Bellevue after the cops had found her wandering around Times Square in a fit of paranoid delusions.

Burroughs returned to New York and rescued Vollmer, bringing her back to the farm in Texas with him where she became his common-law wife and bore him a son, Billy, Jr. After Burroughs's marijuana crop proved unsmokable, the family moved to just outside New Orleans. There it was the same as Texas, both of them drifting deeper and deeper into their addictions, hers to speed, his to junk, while struggling to survive. Burroughs was arrested again for heroin possession, and they fled to Mexico to wait out the five-year statute of limitations on the crime of heroin possession.

In Mexico, Burroughs took to spending his days copping junk and his nights buying boy prostitutes, while Vollmer, unable to find her Benzedrine, went through a painful speed withdrawal and turned to alcohol. On the night of September 6, 1951, Burroughs turned to Vollmer at a party and said, "Well, I guess it's time for our William Tell act!" She played right along with him, though they had never played the William Tell act before, and placed her empty glass on top of her head. Burroughs whipped out a .380-caliber automatic pistol and fired one shot. The gun shot low and the bullet hit her on the side of the head, killing her instantly.

AFTER SPENDING ONLY 13 DAYS IN A MEXICAN jail for Joan's accidental death, Burroughs pleaded guilty to criminal imprudence and was

More than any other man, dead or alive, William S. Burroughs is the one responsible for introducing deviancy into the mainstream of American culture.

running.

It was in 1943 that Burroughs made friends with two former Columbia University students who were also looking to break out of the confines of America's "numbing dizziness": Jack Kerouac and Allen Ginsberg.

"We couldn't figure out what his secret mystery was," Ginsberg has said of his and Kerouac's first meeting with Burroughs. "From Burroughs we got our whole conception of some spiritual crisis in the West and the possibility of decline instead of infinite American Progress—the idea of an apocalyptical historical charge."

As Kerouac, Ginsberg, and Burroughs were poised to change American literature forever, Burroughs took to the task of psychoanalyzing his charges to free them of their inhibitions. Free them to conquer American literature with their genius.

"It was a joke," Burroughs said, making a face. "I think psychoanalysis is nonsense at this point. At the time, I thought there was something to it. But as time went on, I saw less and less. I think people are only too anxious to talk about their *me*, their individuality. Which to me is the least interesting aspect of anyone. The least interesting thing is his me, his individuality. What comes in from the outside is much more interesting. The whole dichotomy of inner and outer reality is a basic error of western thinking. It's not inner reality or outer reality, it's one continuum of the whole organism in relationship to its total environment."

But as "explorers of the night" Kerouac, Ginsberg, and Burroughs were courting the darkness

released on bail until his sentencing the following year. His son, Billy, Jr., was taken by Joan's parents to live with Mortimer and Laura Lee, who moved to Palm Beach, Florida, and opened a gift shop. Alone and addicted, Burroughs decided to resume his search for the mysterious drug *yage* (pronounced YA hay), which he had heard came from the jungles of South America.

"It's an interesting drug, yage," Burroughs said from the table as he lit another Players, exhaling a long blast of smoke that drifted close to him, bathing him in a ghostly shroud.

"It's a blue drug; you take it only at night. Every medicine man has his own recipe. It was quite an experience. The first time I had a bad trip. I took too much."

Writing to Allen Ginsberg in 1953, Burroughs detailed what happened when he finally located the mythical drug in the jungles of Colombia.

"I sat there waiting for results and almost immediately had the impulse to say, 'That wasn't enough, I need more.' In two minutes a wave of dizziness swept over me, and the hut began spinning. It was like going under ether, or when you are very drunk and lie down and the bed spins. Blue flashes passed in front of my eyes. The hut took on an archaic far-Pacific look with Easter Island heads carved into the support posts. The assistant was lurking outside with the obvious intent to kill me. I was hit by violent, sudden nausea and rushed for the door. . . . I could hardly walk. No coordination. My feet were like blocks of wood. I vomited violently leaning against a tree

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TRIUMPHANT

Probing intelligent hardcore with Prong, STEVE MARTIN penetrates the seamy underbelly of New York City.

WE'VE BARELY RESTED OUR FOREARMS ON A very sticky corner table at 313 Bowery in New York when burly Prong drummer Ted Parsons bolts through the door to break up a beating-*cum*-rape-in-progress. Bassist Troy Gregory, Prong's newest third, is barely fazed, his acclimation to New York's Lower East Side apparently progressing at a rapid clip. Guitarist-vocalist-founder Tommy Victor continues his sentence without flinching until an avant-garde acting troupe in the rear of the scuzzy bar begins rehearsing a very vocal series of roller-skating spills.

Such is the price of capturing Prong in its element, a literal stone's throw from CBGB, the legendary joint that took Victor, Parsons, and original bassist Mike Kirkland in as individuals and spewed them out as New York's foremost postpunk-neometal-industrial noise triumvirate. Victor and Kirkland hooked up in 1986 while working, respectively, as CBGB's house soundman and doorman. Victor's moody metallics forged a tense, tenuous alliance with the primal dirge Kirkland had been working on with two-bass unit Damage, and the two recorded a scarcely circulated demo as R Ruin. Enter Parsons, neolithic brutalizer of all things percussive for Swans, circa "Screw," *Children of God*, and particularly the excruciating *Public Castration Is a Good Idea* semiofficial live LP, and Prong was formed.

"We started out using metal or hard guitars to do more than what the postpunk stuff was doing," Victor recalls. "So-called industrial music—we were all getting sick of that, the pretenses of all that. It started getting really highbrow. It was just annoying. We brought the essence, the heaviness of that together with what little we copped from the hardcore scene. I don't think a lot of people understood that. It still goes over some people's heads."

"There was absolutely no other band in New York taking the road we were taking with this kind of music," Parsons adds. "No one else bringing together musical histories like ours. Having influences is not the same as actually playing the bands we'd played in."

Formative efforts, *Primitive Origins* and *Force Fed*, expanded on the dated suburban premises of thrash metal, reflecting Prong's inner-city point of view with ragged-nerve intensity. Their ability to make authentic New York paranoia palpable through an impossible combination of styles and backgrounds led the British press to acclaim the trio as mutant metal messiahs. Closer to home, the curiosity of the New York A&R community was subsequently piqued in the wake of a successful U.K.–European tour, with Epic snagging the band following a triumphant 1989 showcase at—where else?—CBGB. Big-time backing secured with credibility and integrity intact. How could anything go wrong now?

Well . . . though indisputably superior to the competing majority, Prong's major label debut, *Beg to Differ*, suffered for its industry-standard thrash metal aesthetic. Thoroughly intriguing compositions "Prime Cut," "Lost & Found," and "Steady Decline" were smothered by claustrophobic production techniques: Victor's acidic guitars overly processed, Parsons' gargantuan drums compressed and filtered, Kirkland's bass virtually inaudible. The road posed problems as well; while *Beg to Differ*'s highlights flourished in a live setting, Kirkland's lack of enthusiasm was becoming increasingly apparent. When he was sacked at the close of a tour and replaced with Flotsam & Jetsam bassist Troy Gregory it seemed like curtains for the heyday of one of New York's most distinctive creative entities.

Leave it to Prong to bounce back with the appropriately titled *Prove You Wrong*. Doubts as to the new lineup's strength and relevance are dashed as Victor's guitars reclaim their cacophonous signature, etching it across the monumental rhythmic backdrop of "Irrelevant Thoughts." Unlikely junctures of Killing Joke, Chrome, and Aerosmith are mapped on "Positively Blind" and "Shouldn't Have Bothered"; "Brainwave" is an unabashed nod to Bad Brains; Led Zeppelin riffs are reconstructed on a 1955 Telecaster on the title track, and the Stranglers are covered on "(Get a) Grip (On Yourself)"—the latter two tracks featuring Gregory on vocals. An embodiment of all that '90s metal is afraid of becoming, *Prove You Wrong* plays as if crafted in an alternative universe where Alain Jourgensen—not Dave Mustaine—is the incorrigible charter member ejected from pre–*Kill 'Em All* Metallica.

"*Prove You Wrong*—it's universal," Victor concludes. "It's a general attitude. It could apply to anything. Antiauthoritive. Against nothing in particular. Against everything."

MICHAEL LAVINE

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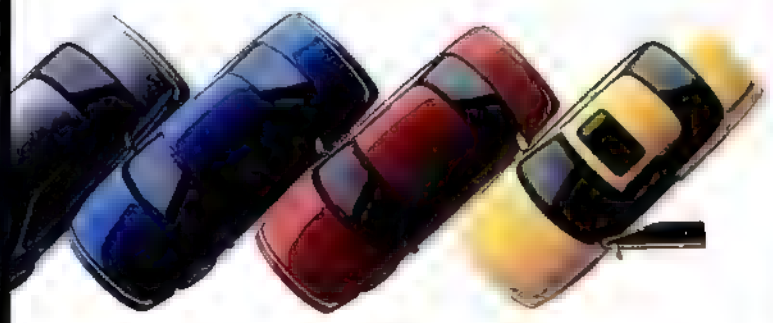

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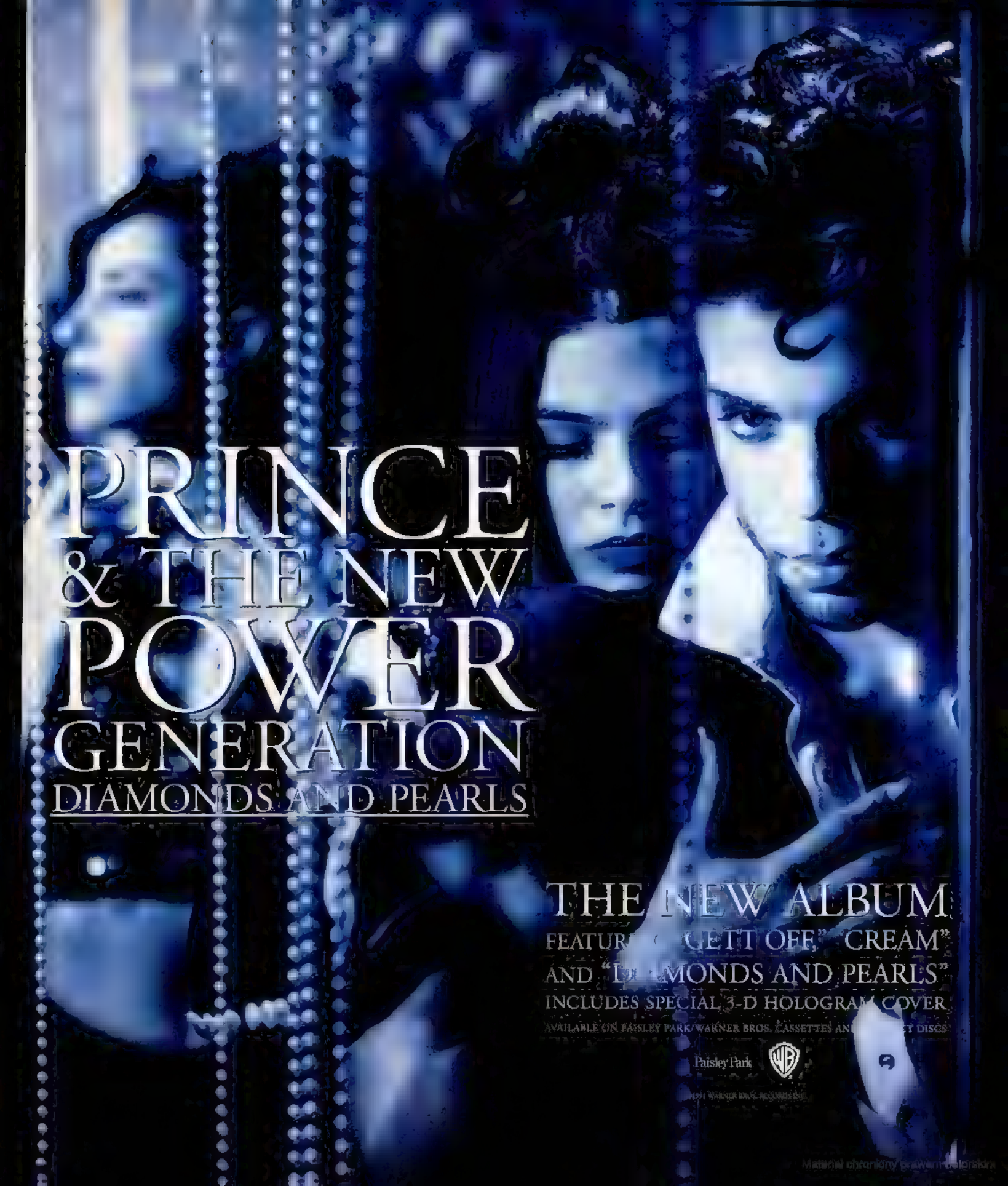
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The minds behind Ministry, *from left:* Alain Jourgensen and Paul Barker

cult of personality

Ministry's Al Jourgensen turned his back on the mainstream years ago, but it followed him. STEVEN BLUSH tracks down dance music's dark enigma.

Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, is a midwestern community nestled in the agricultural netherland between Chicago and Milwaukee. Like its Swiss counterpart, this sleepy lakefront resort town is as beautiful as it is boring. It's also the last place you'd expect to find Ministry's Alain Jourgensen.

The driving force behind the Ministry machine for over a decade, vocalist, producer, and renowned maniac Jourgensen is a man whose formidable reputation precedes him. But there are also a lot of misconceptions about him and his revolving cast of cronies. Part Nile Rogers, part Charles Manson, this thirty-

PAUL ELLEDGE

something Cuban-American may be the living embodiment of the "sex, drugs, and rock'n'roll" ethos, but don't think for a second that he's not completely in control. Intelligent and magnetic, Jourgensen is the commandant of his own cult of personality, possessing an uncanny ability to draw unsuspecting characters into his web of influence.

On this particular summer's day, Jourgensen's looking a little haggard. He drank too much last night, in celebration of his long-awaited financial settlement with Wax Trax Records; his hair extensions are turning yarny and are in need of replacement, and his numerous tattoos look murky against his blotchy skin.

"Welcome to the Betty Ford Clinic," Jourgensen offers as his introduction, smirking while swilling the day's first can of Point Special Premium, a $2-a-six-pack-brew. "That's why we're here, to detox." In reality, Ministry has retreated to this godforsaken place to record its new self-titled album, a metal-edged bombastic affair that's not likely to endear the band to the Depeche Mode–Cure set it once courted.

Jourgensen's career can be characterized as a series of actions and reactions to dance music and to pop in general. Inked to Arista at the height of the early-'80s new wave dance craze, off the success of the heralded indie 12-inch "Cold Life," Ministry quickly earned a rep as America's premier Europop act, thanks in large part to Jourgensen's effeminate, high-register vocals, replete with a cheesy British accent. Its big hit, "Work for Love," is still recognized as a new wave club classic (many of Ministry's current detractors consider it Jourgensen's peak). Burned out on industry bullshit and bad career advice, Jourgensen set out on his own, returning to the underground and playing by his own rules. Managed and booked by his wife, Patty, he climbed back into the Wax Trax fold, first unleashing his band's comeback single, "Everyday (Is Halloween)," and eventually producing virtually every one of the grisly antidance records that Wax Trax has released to date, from Jourgensen's personal projects—Revolting Cocks, 1000 Homo DJ's, Pailhead—to top-brand leaders like Front 242, Front Line Assembly, and KMFDM—all Jourgensen discoveries. Undoubtedly, he's largely responsible for the post–Throbbing Gristle, relentless jackhammer sound that's now referred to as "industrial rock."

All this is why Ministry's second go-round with a major label has proven more fulfilling. Thanks to the massive success of albums like *Twitch*, *The Mind Is a Terrible Thing to Taste*, and *The Land of Rape and Honey*, Jourgensen and his crew, Paul Barker, Mike Scaccia, Michael Balch, and Bill Rieflin, are joyriding their trademark bad-ass sonic assault to fame and fortune. From metalheads looking for a unique yet still heavy experience to art-school types seeking atonal rock-based entertainment and neopunkers searching for a new, snotty messiah, Ministry has achieved a successful crossover without selling its collective soul.

Since Jourgensen is regarded as the godfather of the industrial grind, his followers obviously expect him to continue in that brutal direction. "I fuckin' hope not," he snorts, beer firmly in hand. "The only thing I hope they expect is that if it's a Ministry record, it's not gonna be a big piece of shit and a corporate sellout."

But there is a certain reputation that still haunts the outspoken vocalist from the band's Arista days. Before getting dropped Jourgensen submitted a laughably soft demo featuring an ultralight version of Roxy Music's "Same Old Scene," an airbrushed studio effort that made Talk Talk seem like Venom in comparison. Jourgensen's present gnarly image is clearly a reaction to those days. "I've spent the past half-dozen or more years fighting that era, and I'll probably have to do that for the rest of my career," he admits. "I made a lot of bad decisions at the outset, but I've got to live with my mistakes. I listened to producers and record company people when I started out because I thought they knew what the fuck was going on—what a mistake. I tried to play by their rules, and that was obviously not the thing to do. I've done plenty of stupid things that I regret, but you can't change history. I've learned that I've gotta move on and do what satisfies *me*, not some asshole at some record company with a title who thinks they know what people want.

Part Nile Rogers, part Charles Manson, this thirtysomething Cuban-American may be the living embodiment of the "sex, drugs, and rock'n'roll" ethos, but don't think for a second that Jourgensen's not completely in control.

"As far as that demo goes, I was trying to give the record company exactly what they wanted; something really sappy," he says blushing. "In retrospect, that was totally embarrassing, and I've never done anything like that again."

Obviously, it would have been easy to drop the Ministry moniker and wipe the slate clean with a new project. But Jourgensen had something to prove; at least in his own eyes. "Ministry doesn't really mean anything different to me over the years, except that the frustration content is gone, and people just leave us alone to do what we need to. There's enough trust there—not trust, but there's enough smelling of profit—that the record company allows us to do our thing."

Like a lot of bands from the alternative/punk underground—Jane's Addiction, Red Hot Chili Peppers, Faith No More, to name a few—Ministry doesn't give a toss about the usual rock star trappings. "One good thing about Ministry in hindsight," Jourgensen relates, "is that we sold out before we started, so we know that the grass isn't greener on the other side. We're less likely to make compromises because we know that compromises will only get you short-term gains, nothing long-term and substantial. There's a lot of responsibility involved with reaching a mass audience, but there's also a responsibility to not let it all overwhelm you, and to keep doing what got you there in the first place. With Ministry, there's no hidden agenda; we're in this just to please ourselves. That's because our motivation and our intent is pure to start with. Needless to say, I'm cautiously optimistic."

Over the course of his checkered career "Grandpa Al" (as he jokingly refers to himself) has certainly seen it all. Jourgensen's music on the new album is heavier than ever. Metallica-esque guitar riffs blended with white noise keyboard treatments and off-color samples, it offers no hit singles, which suits Jourgensen just fine. "I don't want them to promote a video, just promote the record as a body of work for this particular period in time, in this particular band's existence. I find a lot of that marketing really distasteful and misleading. I should know, I've been through all that shit before."

For Ministry, the remainder of 1991 should be hectic. Between an American tour with Godflesh and a European jaunt planned with French noisemongers Treponem Pal, Jourgensen's eager to belt out his loud and joyful noise for all to hear. And even if the black-on-black industrial set doesn't get its new release, it'll be their loss.

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AIDS

WORDS FROM THE FRONT

A new wave of panic has set in. Can you get AIDS from your dentist? Doctor? Surgeon? CELIA FARBER separates the facts from the feelings of this highly controversial issue.

MUCH AS THE TREND IN AIDS AWARENESS HAS LEANED TOWARD DE-DRAMAtization and rationality lately, all it seems to take is a pinprick—one case—and the nation goes hysterical again. And no wonder, in a way. AIDS *is* fatal after all, and the idea of suddenly dying—to those of us fortunate enough to view death as a remote, implausible threat—is unavoidably dramatic. But what's notable is that of all the thousands of ways a person can suddenly die in modern society, none seems to incense or horrify the public more than the idea of an "innocent" person catching AIDS.

Despite the unceasing efforts of AIDS activists to wrench compassion out of Americans for *all* AIDS sufferers, the polarization is fixed: Gays, IV drug users, and their partners "get" AIDS; anybody else "catches" AIDS, and the difference between "getting" it and "catching" it is the difference between indifference and hysteria. Only the people who "catch" AIDS wind up on magazine covers and talk shows and inspire politicians to start writing new laws—all the melodrama of AIDS seems concentrated on those few cases. That's just the way it is. There's nothing particularly surprising about this lopsided response: Compassion that extends to a group beyond one's own affiliation is rare, if not unnatural—an altruistic fantasy.

The latest AIDS case to grip the nation seems almost tailor-made to serve the hard-line far-right agenda. Kimberly Bergalis, a 23-year-old blond virgin from Florida is dying of AIDS, and it appears that she contracted HIV from her dentist, Dr. David Acer, who died of AIDS last year. Four other patients of Dr. Acer have since turned up HIV positive. Bergalis was diagnosed in 1987 and is now in the last stages of an AIDS-related tuberculosis that wastes the body and brain. She has shrunk down to half her normal body weight, her body is ravaged with blisters and fungi, and her combined AZT and DDI therapy only seem to have intensified her suffering—destroying her liver and causing her hair to fall out. In a devastating letter to Florida health officials, Bergalis wrote "Can you imagine what it's like to realize you're losing weight in your *fingers* and that your body may be using its muscles to survive. Or do you know what it's like to look at yourself in a full-length mirror before you shower—and you only see a skeleton? Do you know what I did? I slid to the floor and I cried. Now I shower with a blanket over the mirror."

EMILY NAYMARK

And here are the lines that may alter the course of medical history. Bergalis asks: "Who do I blame? Do I blame myself? I sure don't. I never used IV drugs, never slept with anyone, and never had a blood transfusion. I blame Dr. Acer and every single one of you bastards. Anyone that *knew* Dr. Acer was infected and had full-blown AIDS and stood by not doing a damn thing about it. You are all just as guilty as he was."

The last line reads: "P.S. If laws are not formed to provide protection, then my suffering and death was in vain. I'm dying guys. Goodbye."

On July 18, the United States Senate voted on an amendment proposed by Senator Jesse Helms of North Carolina that reads that HIV infected health-care workers who continue to perform surgery and other "invasive procedures," without informing their patients of their HIV status, will face up to ten years in prison and $10,000 in fines. The Senate voted 81 to 18 in favor. A second proposal, which was unanimously accepted, called for all health-care workers who do invasive procedures to be tested for HIV. This bill, if passed, will be known as the Kimberly Bergalis Patient and Health Providers Protection Act of 1991. At press time, neither bill has yet been taken up by the House of Representatives.

At first glance, these measures don't seem excessive. The image of that poor girl lying there emaciated and lifeless simply because she went to the dentist gave such an emotional jolt that it would seem nearly barbaric not to legislate against such a thing occurring again. When I first heard of these two bills I was in favor. But when I examined the facts, I changed my mind.

While risk to patients may seem like the only concern that carries any real weight in the equation, this risk must in fact be weighed against the consequences of launching what may amount to a witch-hunt on dedicated health-care workers. In this particular equation, the risk is minuscule at most, while the consequences of legislating to reduce the risk would be considerable.

The hysterical fallout of the Bergalis case has led the public to believe that doctors and dentists infecting their patients is the wave of the future. In fact, Dr. Acer's five patients are the only ones ever documented—or even *suspected*—of contracting the virus from a health-care worker in the entire country since the beginning of the epidemic ten years ago.

That's why I use the term *witch-hunt.* I'm not advocating the right of HIV-positive health-care workers to keep their jobs and spread HIV, but to keep their jobs and continue caring for sick people—having proven over a period of ten years that if basic precautions are taken, HIV does not spread.

When Kimberly Bergalis's case was reported to the CDC in July of 1990 it was the first ever case of possible transmission of HIV from a health-care worker to a patient.

More than 6,000 cases of AIDS have occurred among health-care workers in the United States. Of those, 703 cases have been reported among physicians, 47 among surgeons, 1,358 among nurses, and 171 among dentists and dental hygienists. Presumably, many more are infected but not aware of it yet.

Gays, IV drug users, and their partners "get" AIDS; anybody else "catches" AIDS, and the difference between "getting" it and "catching" it is the difference between indifference and hysteria.

Despite highly invasive procedures conducted by these HIV-positive health-care workers, not one transmission has occurred. The exception is Dr. Acer, who reportedly used unsterilized equipment, reused latex gloves, and showed a general gross neglect for infection-control practices. It is believed that he was treating his own sexual partners in his practice, which would explain the similarity that has been seen in DNA sequences taken from the five patients. The CDC has said that the Acer cases are almost certainly cases of patient-to-patient transmission, not doctor-to-patient transmission. In other words, for Dr. Acer to directly infect all five, he would have had to cut himself and bleed into their mouths on at least five separate occasions, which is virtually impossible. Instead it is likely that uncleaned, contaminated dental equipment was responsible for the spread of HIV—and therefore it could easily have been avoided. He, as an individual, was grossly irresponsible. The medical profession as a whole is not; at least not when it comes to transmitting HIV. The most comprehensive study on the likelihood of surgeon-to-patient HIV transmission was undertaken after reports emerged that a Nashville general surgeon had AIDS. The surgeon had performed many highly invasive procedures since his estimated date of infection in 1982. Of 2,160 patients operated on, none have appeared in the AIDS registry. Of 616 who consented to be tested, there was only one HIV positive—an IV drug user who was symptomatic of AIDS even before he was operated on.

Three earlier studies of patients of surgeons with AIDS also showed no evidence of HIV transmission to patients. A Florida surgeon died of AIDS in 1983; 400 of his patients were examined and not one had AIDS or HIV. A military surgeon was diagnosed with AIDS in 1985; of 75 patients who sought testing none tested positive. Finally, 339 patients of a British surgeon who died of AIDS in 1988 were offered testing. Of the 76 who consented to be tested, none were positive.

The risk of transmission from an HIV-infected surgeon, according to a CDC calculation, is 1 in 416,667. Most surgeons, however, are not infected with HIV. The risk of contracting HIV from any surgeon anywhere in the country performing any procedure is calculated at 1 in 1,538,461, or less than 1 per million procedures. Other risks are much greater. For instance, the risk of death from anesthesia is 100 per million; the risk of wound infection (which can be fatal) is 147,000 per million; and the risk of HIV infection through a transfusion of screened blood is 6.7 per million. Simply put, of all the risks involved in surgery, transmission of HIV is by far the smallest.

And yet we are about to pass a bill that would jeopardize the jobs of thousands of health-care workers overnight, over a risk that doesn't even measure up to the risk of being struck by lightning. Cases of rash discrimination are already cropping up. A very popular HIV-positive doctor with an impeccable medical record, working at a hospital in Dunkirk, New York, was *asked to resign* for no other reason than that he tested HIV-positive. "We are getting reports of this kind daily," said Mike Isbell of the Lambda Legal Defense Fund in New York. "What we are really seeing is hysteria running its course." When polled, 63 percent of Americans felt that any surgeon who tests positive for HIV should be forbidden to practice. Fifty-one percent felt that all physicians who test positive should be banned from practicing; 60 percent would ban HIV-positive dentists and 49 percent all health-care workers. When asked whether they would discontinue all treatment with a physician, dentist, or health-care worker with HIV, 65 percent said they would. Thirteen percent said they would continue treatment but exclude surgery or other invasive procedures, and 15 percent said they would continue treatment with stringent protective measures.

The point here is that AIDS is such a dramatic, emotionally loaded disease that we lose sight of the comparative risk when it comes to HIV transmission. The fact is, HIV is a virus that does not transmit very easily. There are cases of sexually active couples where one is HIV-positive, and the other HIV-negative, and despite years of unprotected sex the one partner has remained negative. Of course there are also cases where HIV spreads upon first contact, but overall it is not considered a highly contageous virus.

Consider for instance, the comparative case of hepatitis B virus infection, HBV, which is transmitted in exactly the same ways as HIV. HBV is currently spread by a pool of 750,000 to 1,000,000 active carriers in the US. About 75,000 people in the U.S. develop acute hepatitis with 5,000 deaths annually. The CDC estimates that 12,000 health-care workers are infected with HBV every year, yielding 250 annual deaths, and 700 to 1,200 active HBV carriers. Studies have shown that 10 to 40 percent of all health-care or dental workers are infected with HBV. Although HBV infection is associated with substantial morbidity and mortality, and is relatively common among health-care workers, nobody has ever proposed restricting HBV-infected health-care workers from their practice. There have been at least 19 reported cases of HBV transmission from health-care workers to previously uninfected patients. HBV is far more infectious than HIV, and it can kill, and it has, yet all the hysteria is reserved for HIV. Why?

Virtually the entire medical community has denounced the Helms's amendment as scientifically unwarranted and politically warped. The American Medical Association, the American Nurse's Association, AIDS Action Council, the Community Research Initiative (CRI), and many other health, AIDS, and civil-rights groups expressed strong opposition to the amendment, denouncing Senator Helms's "emotional manipulations." A statement from CRI medical director Dr. Joseph Sonnabend warned that this legislation will lower health-care standards throughout the United States, by making malpractice insurance virtually unavailable to institutions and practitioners providing health care to people with AIDS and HIV. "The potential ramifications for our health-care system are enormous," says Mike Isbell. "We already have the most expensive, least efficient health-care system in the world. We're talking about adding billions of dollars to the price tag of our health-care system, solely to identify HIV-positive health-care workers, and it is very unlikely that this measure would wind up saving one single life. The tests would have to be run repeatedly, for one thing. HIV infection is not a static thing. The only way we can ensure that the health-care setting is safe for patients is through scrupulous adherence to universal precautions.

"To some degree Jesse Helms may have done us a favor, because by putting forth such a mean-spirited and irrational proposal, Helms is showing the world his hand. This is not about protecting the public health. This is about punishing people with HIV."

EMILYA NAYMARK

MEMOREX
D'GITAL
STEREO
HEADPHONES
Is It Live Or Is It Memorex?

ANTIHERO

OPINION

CELIA FARBER continues her discussion with Camille Paglia—the pro-pop culture, radical-conservative, antifeminist feminist scholar who's grinding liberalism and political correctness down to a pulp. Editorial warning: This is not an interview for the faint-hearted.

SPIN: In the first part of our interview [published last month], the section about rape upset every single woman who read it—in the offices at SPIN and even at the typesetters. They all seemed to feel that you were defending the rapist.

Paglia: No, that's not it at all. The point is, these white, upper-middle-class feminists believe that a pain-free world is achievable. I'm saying that a pain-free world will be achievable only under totalitarianism. There is no such thing as risk-free anything. In fact, all valuable human things come to us from risk and loss. Therefore we value beauty and youth because they are transient. Part of the sizzle of sex is the danger, the risk of loss of identity in love. That's part of the drama of love. My generation demanded no more overprotection of women. We wanted women to be able to freely choose sex, to freely have all the adventures that men could have. So women began to hike on mountain paths and do all sorts of dangerous things. That's the risk of freedom. If women break their legs on mountain bikes, that's the risk factor. I'm not defending the rapist—I'm defending the freedom to risk rape. I don't want sexual experience to be protected by society. A part of it is that since women are physically weaker than men, in our sexual freedom, women are going to get raped. We should be angry about it, but it's a woman's personal responsibility now, in this age of sexual liberation, to make herself physically fit, so that she can fight off as best she can man's advances. She needs to be alert in her own mind to any potential danger. It's up to the woman to give clear signals of what her wishes are. If she does not want to be out of control of the situation she should not get drunk, she should not be in a private space with a man whom she does not know. Rape does not destroy you forever. It's like getting beaten up. Men get beat up all the time.

SPIN: But don't you think that people see a man getting beaten up and a woman getting raped as completely different? Do you think rape should be considered as serious a crime as murder?

Paglia: That's absurd. I dislike anything that treats women as if they are special, frail little creatures. We don't need special protection. Rape is an assault. If it is a totally devastating psychological experience for a woman, then she doesn't have a proper attitude about sex. It's this whole stupid feminist thing about how we are basically nurturing, benevolent people, and sex is a wonderful thing between two equals. With that kind of attitude, then of course rape is going to be a total violation of your entire life, because you have had a stupid, naive, Mary Poppins view of life to begin with. Sex is a turbulent power that we are not in control of; it's a dark force. The sexes are at war with each other. That's part of the excitement and interest of sex. It's the dark realm of the night. When you enter the realm of the night, weird, horrible things can happen there. You can be attacked on a dark street. Does that mean we should never go into dark streets? Part of my excitement as a college student in the '60s was coming out of the very protective '50s. I was wandering those dark streets understanding that not only could I be raped, I could be killed. It's like the gay men going down to the docks and having sex in alleyways and trucks; it's the danger. Feminists have no idea that some women like to flirt with danger because there is a sizzle in it. You know what gets me sick and tired? The battered-woman motif. It's so misinterpreted, the way we have to constantly look at it in terms of male oppression and tyranny, and female victimization. When, in fact, everyone knows throughout the world that many of these working-class relationships where women get beat up often have hot sex. They ask why she won't leave him? Maybe she won't leave him because the sex is very hot. I say we should start looking at the battered-woman motif in terms of sex. If gay men go down to bars and like to get tied up, beaten up, and have their asses

Art by Stephen Sprouse

SPRAWSE
WSHH!!

whipped, how come we can't allow that a lot of wives like the kind of sex they are getting in these battered-wife relationships. We can't consider that women might have kinky tastes, can we? No, because women are naturally benevolent and nurturing, aren't they? Everything is so damn Mary Poppins and sanitized.

SPIN: What do you think is the main quality that women have within them that they aren't using?

Paglia: What women have to realize is their dominance as a sex. That women's sexual powers are enormous. All cultures have seen it. Men know it. Women know it. The only people who don't know it are feminists. Desensualized, desexualized, neurotic women. I wouldn't have said this twenty years ago because I was a militant feminist myself. But as the years have gone on I begin to see more and more that the perverse, neurotic psychodrama projected by these women is coming from their own problems with sex.

SPIN: You have said that the biggest influence on your work has been the Catholic church and gay men. How do you feel about the AIDS activist movement—and what about its actions targeted against the Catholic church?

Paglia: Certain things ACT UP has done have been great, and I admire them for it. But they can also be very narrow-minded. When they invade churches it is a disaster for gay causes, a disaster for gay men everywhere. I feel that all gay people should be speaking out against this because it's causing such a backlash against gay men. They're showing such contempt and scorn for other people's spiritual values. The idea that you attack a religion and invade this sacred space and declare that your single issue overrides all other human concerns, this kind of thing is a disaster. It's infantile. These people seem to have their own private psychological agenda; they are addicted to rage and they have no philosophical understanding of life, of the kind that was demonstrated by Gandhi and Martin Luther King, Jr.—and that Larry Kramer should be supplying but is not. On the contrary, he yells at them and says things like, "The whole country is throwing turds at you." This is his way of seeing the world; it's really appalling. Some of these activists seem like bawling infants on camera. This is not the face the gay-rights movement should be showing. They are conscious of their rights but have no sense of duties, they have no respect for the culture or for the whole society. What we are seeing here is a kind of public tantrum behavior, which to me is symptomatic that liberalism is having a nervous breakdown. Civil rights movements must show a moral or ethical example. When Martin Luther King gave his brilliant "I Have a Dream" speech, it was in the great tradition of black sermons with a sense of God and the sacred. Today you have AIDS activism miming and aping the civil rights movement but without any of the spirituality, just demanding total rights for promiscuity, hedonism, and instant gratification.

Another thing that's interesting is that all the hysteria about AIDS is coming from the middle class. Underclass people who have been struck by AIDS are actually indifferent to it. One reason why the disease became such a horror is because of the sentimentality and naïveté of liberalism, and also the completely protected and pampered life-styles of the people in this country. Diseases, plagues, and natural disasters have happened throughout history. The horror today comes from psychological shock.

SPIN: Pop culture has radically altered our sensibilities over the past twenty years. Poetry, for instance, has gone from being, in a sense, the highest of art forms to being totally exiled and ridiculed. Very few people have the mindset for it anymore.

Paglia: I think we've seen in our time the collapse of the high-art tradition. In the '60s, people wandered around listening to rock music and reading poetry. But suddenly—*bam!*—it was over. No one reads poetry anymore. Young people today who want to express themselves pick up a guitar instead. Or they rap. When Andy Warhol put soup cans into paintings and Roy Lichtenstein used comic strips in paintings, that was the end of the old idea of high art versus popular art. That was when high art absorbed all of popular art and obliterated the avant garde. The avant garde, which is supposed to be cutting-edge, and is supposed to oppose a complacent, smug establishment culture, is dead; Andy Warhol killed it forever. That's why so many serious artists from the '50s consider Warhol a traitor. Where is beauty today? It's not in high art—it's in a Madonna video. It's in popular culture. We don't look to high art for beauty anymore. High art is a mode of ugliness, because it feels abandoned. It lost its cultural meaning with modernism. The first generation of modernists were fabulous—Joyce, Proust, Virginia Woolf, et cetera. But from that point on, from World War I on, popular culture—the movies—took over. And where beauty had been a part of high art before, it now became a part of popular art. The so-called art world is a defunct entity. I do not take seriously anything that's going on in the art world or in the realm of the so-called serious novel. But I am up on the latest TV commercial, or the latest MTV video, the latest Cher single, the latest movie. I couldn't care less what novels are doing because I think they're totally reactionary, totally retrograde. They're trying to use a 19th-century form to describe a contemporary reality that high art simply can not encompass anymore.

SPIN: But wait. The problem, for me anyway, and many people I know, is that pop culture, as great as it *feels*, is not really satisfying at the end of the day. It just rarely cuts deep enough to truly affect your life or your thinking. It's kind of like a sugar fix in that sense. If you're in some kind of pain, if you need some kind of spiritual relief, MTV just isn't going to help you out. Not like Shakespeare could. I agree that there's beauty in pop culture, but it's a much more obvious beauty—it almost bludgeons you rather than lift you up, because the image is the end point. The image is meant to incite you, and dazzle you and give you a quick fix, but it's not meant to give a damn about your problems. In that sense it's not art at all because it doesn't transcend anything. It only reflects on itself, and it believes in itself—in its image. It's *self-sufficient*.

Paglia: I agree that the commercial side of it is really corrupting. It's become such a machinery. There are very few people who are really using videos for artistic purposes, although now and then I see something that excites me—like the latest Siouxsie and the Banshees video, and the most recent R.E.M. video. It's true that we cannot have something as simple as just video or pop culture, we must have a building up again of the formal concerns—of educational thinking. We have to have a fusion of these two cultures—an integration. I see popular culture as being a product of the great past, not a break from it. To me, that's why some of the best videos come from England, because there you've got people who are trained in the classical-art tradition. Look, John Lennon came out of art school, Mick Jagger out of economics. I think it's horrible that you've got rock musicians today who know nothing about art. I want to address this question: Who is a rock musician? I feel the rock musician is an *artist* and he has to stop identifying with the managers, and the corporate structures. How should an artist be trained? An artist should be trained to look at paintings and to read poetry. We've got to encourage young guys with talent to say, "No, I don't want to record, I don't want to tour. I want to be alone with my guitar for two years, okay?" That's why we're getting things that are worse and worse here, because rock musicians are thinking of themselves as money machines. They're being led astray. But in my generation of the '60s, rock musicians read poetry. They thought of themselves as thinking, feeling beings. And out of that, you got great music.

"What women have to realize is their dominance as a sex. Women's sexual powers are enormous. Men know it. Women know it. The only people who don't know it are the feminists."

We must have all the arts feeding off each other. This is what I'm calling for—a total revamping of liberal-arts education, to be truly sophisticated, truly cosmopolitan, to let all the arts penetrate each other.

SPIN: I have this theory I've been toying with, about why we are the way we are. I think the most definitive characteristic of the '80s-'90s

C.J.WRAY

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person is a kind of cynicism—a disbelief in all things larger than oneself. I hate to sound so negative, but I really see us as these insects, these tiny people, constantly smirking and defining ourselves to each other through what we *don't* like, what we *don't* believe in. If you're passionate about something it's like you're some kind of moron. Nothing is large or mysterious or romantic. Contemporary poetry *aims* to be ugly. I asked a friend of mine who is a poet about this, and he said, "Now that you mention it, I would never sit down to write a poem if I was feeling very emotional or intense. I guard my poetry, in a way, against passion, because I'm afraid of seeming trite." So I thought to myself, Where did we get this notion from, that strong feelings are disgusting? Could it be that because the kitschy part of our culture—TV commercials in particular but also soap operas and all that—because they have taken these basic, valid emotions and issues and fed them back to us in such a trite, unappealing, stupid form, that we finally rejected the whole idea of those emotions? I mean like—the *night* belongs to Michelob. Coke adds *life*. And those AT&T commercials make me cry. Since advertising is constantly striking out at our soft points—our emotional instincts—isn't it possible that we've been a little warped by it?

Paglia: I don't agree with that. I feel that the people who are most guilty—with this dumb, cruel attitude, the posture of cool, of cynical irony—are precisely those who are removed from the world of advertising and from the world of media: academics.

SPIN: Right, and what I'm saying is that maybe that's their reaction against the triteness of the commercial world.

Paglia: No. The academics are completely removed from the world of advertising. They never see it; they never have direct contact with it. I'm saying on the contrary, my generation of the '60s is extremely passionate, extremely affirmative. That's how I'm quite unlike these young people or those in the art world today. One of the big things I'm bringing back is enthusiasm and passion. I have a sense of wonder, and reverence, and admiration for nature and for art and the artist. At that same time, I have the '60s anger, combat, and confrontation. I have the passion of both love and hate. We're seeing the last gasp of the avant garde. My generation of the '60s, the Warhol generation, is *pro* advertising. We love advertisements filled with energy. Most ads are very affirmative because they're affirming the product. I view ads as an art form and I absolutely adore them. Their energy is my energy. Cool, cynical people are anti-American. They're against patriotism, religion, marriage. Once this was a noble posture. It appeared in Kafka, and Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*, and even in Dostoyevski. Once this kind of posture was considered avant garde, but now it's utterly passé. In fact it still was authentic with the Velvet Underground, who influenced me enormously. They were unlike the '60s in feeling. They looked forward to the new wave; they prefigured the new wave in their heroin theme. That new-wave, bleak, cool, ironic stance, Andy Warhol had that in real life. It was his persona. He was completely blank, pretended to have no feelings; he was just an observing eye. That's gone now. It's just a tired old pose of people who are very small, people who are basically afraid of their own emotion. This is where I feel the vibe, as an Italian—with African-American culture. African-American culture is never cool, ironic, and snide. It's passionate about life. It's passionate for eating, for sex, for emotion, for love, but it's also full of negativity. The negative is focused toward the problems in the street, the institutions, or whatever. I think that's right: a passion of love and a passion of hate. Italians and African-Americans are able to express both their love and their hate directly. That's my number-one characteristic. I just flash out with anger, but I also flash with love and admiration. Today's so-called intellectuals are just emotional cripples. At Harvard there's this woman who wears all black—black lipstick, black turtlenecks, and black leather skirts—and has this pose of hipness. Please! She's an ass-kisser. Everyone who has a high position at Harvard is an ass-kisser. My passionate personality was unbearable by any American university. Only fools are afraid of being fools. The truly creative state for an artist is the childlike state. That is why our current art scene is so crabbed and pinched and impoverished. They are playing cool cynical adults—trying to out-cool each other. Everything is trendy and conscious, everything is cerebral. The problem today with the art world is that it's cut off at the neck. It pretends to be so sexually sophisticated. It's not, because true sexual liberation is the liberation of all five senses. I have a sensual orientation to food. I enjoy eating while these people are anorexic. I believe in hearty living at every level. In the '60s we hated the current criticism that was just a cerebral response to art. We wanted to add the body, sex, and emotion to it. What happened? We got this grotesque junk from France. Game playing: I hate game playing! Err on the side of being a fool rather than err on the side of being cool.

"A real artist does not apply to the government for handouts. In fact, you know what a truly avant garde artist today would do? A *truly* avant garde artist today would make a snuff film."

I'm trying to liberate students today. I'm allowing them to be enthusiastic about art, to allow them to express energy and enthusiasm. I've gotten letters from people in their thirties saying that they had dropped out of graduate school because when they expressed their enthusiasm people would act as if they had made some horrible faux pas. You have to adapt to this horrible, stupid game-playing style. The only way you can process literature today is by using this old trick popularized by [French philosopher] Jacques Derrida. The text is only about itself, it has no meaning in the universe, there is nothing in the universe. What kind of stupid, sterile attitude toward life is this? It's a twisted neurosis. We have these professors at Yale, Harvard, Princeton, et cetera, who are just ordinary, banal, parochial Americans, and here they are with this pretentious mask of Parisian cool. These people are pathetic; they are losers. Wimps with tenure.

SPIN: I found some of the last year's censorship debate, about record labeling and the government support of the arts, a little frustrating. It seemed incoherent and kind of phony to me. What was your reaction?

Paglia: There is no censorship of any significant kind in this country. These people don't know what they're talking about. I think Frank Zappa is incredibly smart, but he was totally wrong about this. I think it's quite appropriate for people to ask what's coming over the TV to their children. Frank Zappa says artists' rights are being violated. I say, What you are calling for is the right and the freedom to be rich. If you really are an artist and a mainstream commercial label says, "No you can't do that on your album," then you quit that label. Oh, you won't do that? Why not? "Well, I have the right to be rich." No, you don't—you have the right to be a free-speaking artist, so you just take that song and you go on a smaller label, or you publish it in a poetry magazine.

Mapplethorpe, for instance, was not a liberal. I call Mapplethorpe my spiritual brother. He was a Catholic like me. S&M is not liberal; S&M is utterly hierarchical. S&M is totally primitivistic and cultic. Defenders of Mapplethorpe claim he should have been in the Corcoran. If you think Mapplethorpe should have been in the Corcoran, then you don't understand Mapplethorpe. He was a total outsider. Everything he ever invented was an affront to the establishment. All this garbage: "Oh, you're homophobic if you don't let Mapplethorpe into the Corcoran." He himself knew he needed taboos to violate. He needed the Catholic church; he needed society for his art. These liberals are so weak, they need social approval. They want the *government* to support them. A real artist does not apply to the government for handouts. In fact, you know what a truly avant-garde artist today would do? A *truly* avant-garde artist today would make a snuff film.

SPIN: Who do you think is the greatest artist alive?

Paglia: Ingmar Bergman.

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MOVING IMAGES

HOLY TRINITY

With his latest one-man show up on the big screen, master monologuist Eric Bogosian treats KAREN MOLINE to rants on *Sex, Drugs, Rock & Roll*.

NICOLE SAPONARA LOOKS BY CHRISTOPHER GALLO

Eric Bogosian works out of what used to be Martin Scorsese's grandfather's spaghetti store in Little Italy, creating the disparate and depraved characters who've appeared in his darkly comic, socially scratching one-man shows for the last ten years. He used to live with his wife Joanna in this narrow ground-floor room with a sink for a kitchen and the occasional uninvited rodent guests. But although the success of Oliver Stone's film version of *Talk Radio* enabled the Bogosians to leave the mean streets behind, Eric hasn't lost his touch for talk. *Sex, Drugs, Rock & Roll* was filmed before nine live audiences in Boston in December 1990. "I just want to make it available," he explains. "I'm hoping we've created a situation on film that will be like sitting in the fourth row center of the theatre." An experience that's nearly as intimate as, well, sex.

Sex "We're in a pretty hideous place sexually," he says. "Men are drifting toward a more and more pornographic vision of what sexuality is. That has its place, but there's so much more.

"I believe in feminism for selfish reasons. Not because I'm politically correct or any of that shit. I want to be able to connect with the woman in my life and enter into her way of thinking and being.

"People have a hard time being physical with each other when they're so caught up in the insane world we're taught to connect our brains to every day. You absorb all this poison and you come home and you don't want to touch another person. You probably would be much happier turning on the VCR and jerking off."

As one of the only Armenians in Woburn, Massachusetts, Bogosian grew up feeling like the town nerd, middle-class and square as a cube. While playing Juliet's father in tenth grade he fell hopelessly in love with acting. With a drama degree from Oberlin College, Bogosian moved to New York, where he wrote and performed theatrical pieces, including *The Ricky Paul Show*, which featured a lounge performer so vile the audience would try to pull him off the stage. He began exploring different personae in *Men Inside, FunHouse, Drinking in America*, and *Talk Radio*. Naturally, drugs featured prominently throughout.

Drugs "A lot of drugs are not really enjoyable but you do them," he says. "I'm the kind of person that for the four seconds of enjoyment from a hit of a drug I'd suffer discomfort for hours. But I liked the first hit, a *lot*, and I got into trouble. And much of the allure is the illicit danger, especially the stuff I got involved with—going to the Lower East Side and crawling around dirty rotten buildings with dangerous guys."

Bogosian has since cleaned up his four-second highs, but (thankfully) not his act. "I'm ultimately a moralist but I'm also a cynic," he explains of his rich men, poor men, beggars, and thieves. "So my heroes are moralistic and idealistic. Even when Iggy Pop is smashing his face into the sidewalk and screaming and yelling, he's doing it out of an outrage that comes from some kind of idealism."

Rock'n'Roll "I heard this song 'Manic Depression' and bought the Jimi Hendrix album [*Are You Experienced?*] and was home free. I *loved* this stuff. The electric guitar was *my* music. When Jimi died my heart was broken; something terrible had happened, and I stopped listening to rock'n'roll. I went to college and there was this band Yes and disco junk and I was like, Sorry, it's not for me.

"All these years went by and I knew music was out there but I never listened to it until I went to a punk club in 1978. There it was all over again. Rock'n'roll had come back. I couldn't get enough of it. It was raw. It was alive.

"Then I became a real freak for certain kinds of metal. I'm into the real super-heavy-duty energy stuff, Jane's Addiction and house music, Metallica and Megadeth. Through it all there's an attitude I love, especially with Metallica, that they really believe what they're doing. They accept being rich and famous because it's like getting the crown, but with that crown comes responsibility as king of the realm.

"And it seems that these new kids, at least to an old fuck like me, are pulling together an attitude which is actually very sophisticated. That we *do* care about life, but let's face it: It's really fucked up out there so you have to face it with a smile and have some fun. How else can you put one foot in front of another in this world?"

MOVING IMAGES

Which recent MOVING IMAGE provoked the strongest reaction from you?

Hal Hartley, director of *Trust*: "Unequivocally, it was the missile hitting the door, during the first couple of days of us bombing Iraq. It was one of our missiles with a camcorder on it aimed at a particular door. It was very sad."

MC Lyte: "The scene in *Dying Young* when Campbell Scott came back from chemotherapy with Julia Roberts."

Matty Rich, director of *Straight Out of Brooklyn*: "*A Raisin in the Sun*. I liked Walter Lee because he was an angry and bitter man, like so many people that I know. He was a black man who wanted to show his mother he could provide. Even though he took the short way out by getting into a scheme, in his heart he had a vision to be a great man like his father."

Kate Pierson of B-52's: "*The Naked Gun 2½*, when Leslie Nielsen is having dinner with the Bushes. They have lobster claws for dinner and lobster juice is sprayed over George Bush and the guests and a huge lobster claw lands on a female diplomat's turban, but they all smile on graciously."

Flea, Red Hot Chili Pepper and actor in *My Own Private Idaho*: "The campfire scene in *My Own Private Idaho*."

Shaun Ryder of Happy Mondays: "The helicopter surveillance chase in *GoodFellas*. Ray Liotta is charleying his box off [on coke] in his car, and his eyes were popping out of his head. He was paranoid as fuck. I thought it was really cool."

Richard Linklater, director of *Slacker*: "The scene in *GoodFellas* where Joe Pesci shoots Spider, the young waiter. It was an exuberant blend of horror and comedy, kind of like the world we live in."

GoodFellas

Blackie Onassis from Urge Overkill: "When Thelma and Louise flew off the Grand Canyon, in their car [in *Thelma & Louise*]. Ultimate liberation through forced suicide. I don't think they died, I think they just flew away. I think Harvey [the cop] jumped after them, too, but he probably fell 'cause he's a cop."

Quotes compiled by Staci Bonner

Scene from *The Commitments*

TOTAL COMMITMENT

Alan Parker's new film depicts Ireland's soul rebels. JIM GREER sinks a few with *The Commitments*.

The Commitments, the new movie by Alan Parker (*Fame*, *Angel Heart*, *Mississippi Burning*), is an engaging low-key effort from a director not previously given to understatement. The film is based on Roddy Doyle's novel of the same name, which was apparently a hot cult item among British pop groups for years before Parker got his mitts on it.

Now I doubt there are any three words in the English language scarier than *hot cult item*, but *The Commitments* is a finely drawn portrait of working-class life among the youth of North Dublin. It's a funny movie, whose salty dialogue is delivered by a cast of largely inexperienced actors. I've heard complaints that the film reduces Doyle's complex characters to single-faceted cartoons, which is inevitable in any film version of a book—but hell, I *like* cartoons.

Although the film's plot is strictly connect-the-dots (some guys start up a band called the Commitments, it sounds terrible, gets really good, they break up), it's a serviceable vehicle for Doyle and Parker's pointed character sketches. And, most importantly, the music is surprisingly invigorating with versions of '60s Stax-Motown chestnuts, belted out by Deco Cuffe (Andrew Strong), who in real life was 16 years old when the movie was made but sounds and looks a couple decades older.

Strong's voice, easily the most impressive instrument in the group, coupled with his mannered, emotive singing style and his sheer physical bulk, lend him an undeniable presence. "People say I'm a Joe Cocker clone, that I've copied all his moves," he says, quaffing voluminous quantities of honey-laden tea for his rehearsal-worn throat. "I really hate that. I mean, on the one hand it's flattering—Cocker's my idol, and I'm not saying he hasn't influenced me. But I don't copy anyone. I'm sixteen years old, you know, how can anyone expect me to be completely original yet? But my father's probably a bigger influence on me than Joe Cocker at this point."

Later that night, at a Dublin cast party to celebrate the completion of the movie, director Parker performs as master of ceremonies, introducing each of the cast member's real life bands (most of the actors were culled from local-hopeful groups, chosen as much for their musical talent as for any acting potential). Each group knocks off a couple of songs, then the Commitments themselves take the stage and rip into "Mustang Sally." I don't know, maybe it was all the free Guinness, but I thought the band was magnificent. Strange that a made-up band can sound so much more convincing than a dozen "real" ones. Perhaps it's time for a reassessment of the Archies.

The band's performances were all recorded live as the scenes were being filmed, which lends the movie a realistic edge. "I wanted to do it that way in keeping with the honest, gritty spirit of Roddy's book," says Parker. "It was a pain technically, but it was worth it."

Now let's just hope *The Commitments* doesn't itself turn into a *hot cult item*. It deserves better.

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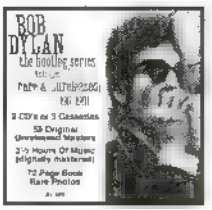

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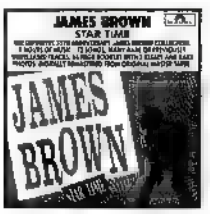

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SPIN61

DREAMING AMERICA

NOTES OF A NEW JACK

BY SCOTT POULSON-BRYANT

THE PARANOID NEGRO

MORRISSEY'S IN TOWN! AND HERE'S THIS GUY, A college student probably, a lone light-skinned chocolate chip in a sea of healthy white faces, dressed to rave in the funky alternative clothes (fatigues, cotton peasant shirt, and big scuffed Doc Martens) that compete for closet space with his neighborhood wear (high-tops, big Levi's, baseball cap). He's black and he's proud and he worships the ofttimes obtuse jingle-jangle of R.E.M. He's black and he's proud and he slept out for U2 tickets and understood exactly what Paul Westerberg meant when the Replacements ripped through "I Will Dare." There was an electronic phase of "Love Vigilantes" and "Master and Servant," and then the raggedy clamor of "Blister in the Sun" and the Jam's "Boy About Town," though nothing excited him more than a new Smiths single.

He's black and he's proud and he's constantly explaining to people—of any race, all proud—why he listens to the music that he does.

But none of that now. Morrissey's in town and there is an energy in the air that obliterates the shouts of "Incog!" that ring through his head. *Incog* being short for *incognegro* which, of course, is derived from incognito, or in hiding; in this case, hiding from blackness. But none of that now. Morrissey takes the stage with his brash, young rockabilly band and Madison Square Garden is bathed in the screams and shouts that greet the rumbling opening chords of "Interesting Drug." Not 15 minutes into the show, the real performances begin: A tall blond boy with a fistful of gladioli at his side leaps to the stage and engulfs Morrissey in his arms, smothering him in kisses. Morrissey sings on—"Can you blame us / Can you blame us?"—and the ecstatic youth is dragged from the stage in tears.

This is what the black guy identifies with, this emphasis on vulnerability and romantic abandon that he's been told is strictly the domain of white-boy music. And when he remembers that he identifies with this—quiet as it's kept, a bit more strongly than he does with the clench-fisted brouhaha of his hip hop brethren—he becomes angry. Angry for being so paranoid. Black folks ask, "Why do you like that music? You can't dance to it," and give him those pitiful, suspicious stares. Liberal, progressive white folks want to know how he possibly discovered this kind of music and give him those cute, condescending stares.

But then he thinks of that day in college. An acquaintance, a black guy, comes to his dorm to pick up a book. He asks to hear some music. The host looks at his shelf of CDs and breaks into a sweat, thinking: Do I play what I want to hear? Or do I explain that I probably don't have anything *he* wants to hear? The guest pulls out *Lifes Rich Pageant* by R.E.M. "You like these guys?" he asks. Defensively: "Yeah, and . . . ?" "I *love* these guys. Play this." And two soul brothers are born.

I am the host in this story. Even though my heart goes out to a black boy in a 'Mats T-shirt and I still chuckle inwardly at a pimp-rollin' white dude in a Raiders cap, I understand it when 3rd Bass defend their appropriation as hip hop heritage or when Living Colour's black-rock diatribe surfaces yet again. I understand, but I know that when it comes to music, race is a very selfish thing. Because of this, I've chosen to ignore the absurd ironies of 3rd Bass's "Pop Goes the Weasel." Here we have a pair of white rappers dissing another white rapper (who went "pop"), in the process liberally looping "Sledgehammer," a Stax-ish pop hit by a white rocker who liberally "samples" black music himself. The same black people who give this a stamp of approval (or laud Sting or George Michael or Peter Gabriel) give static to black artists who experiment with musical forms. It's like interracial dating: When white folks do it they're being open-minded and adventurous; when black folks do it, they're self-hating wannabes.

Experimenting with musical forms is like interracial dating: When white folks do it they're being open-minded and adventurous; when black folks do it, they're self-hating wannabes.

But here I am, less paranoid than usual, substantiated and comforted by the current crop of Black Rock Coalition bands; new signings like the Veldt, Eye & I, and the Eric Gales Band; and those hip hop paranoids De La Soul—all caught in the American crossfire that is the rebellious passion of their influences. I still slap on my alt-rock drag every so often and rave with the best of them.

Creating ourselves is all we want to do. Can you blame us?

So, some fat-ass shout-outs to some folks who unnerstand:

To Nadine, Denia, Tinia, and Mich: We are family, I got all my sisters and me.

To James: It's crazy what you should have had, but peace, bro, and don't lose your religion anytime before I do.

To Chuck: Since we ain't swimming in our Daddy's big nuts no more, it's all ours. Stüssy power!

To Joan: When oh when do we drink capuccino?

To Ipe: Hip hop literati, my ass.

To Ben: Too many things, man, too many things.

To Vernon: We ain't no glamour boys, we fierce.

To Greg: Porch niggers of the world, unite?!

To Veronica: Are my pockets deep enough yet?

To Steven: Glasgow's in the house. . . .

Peace.

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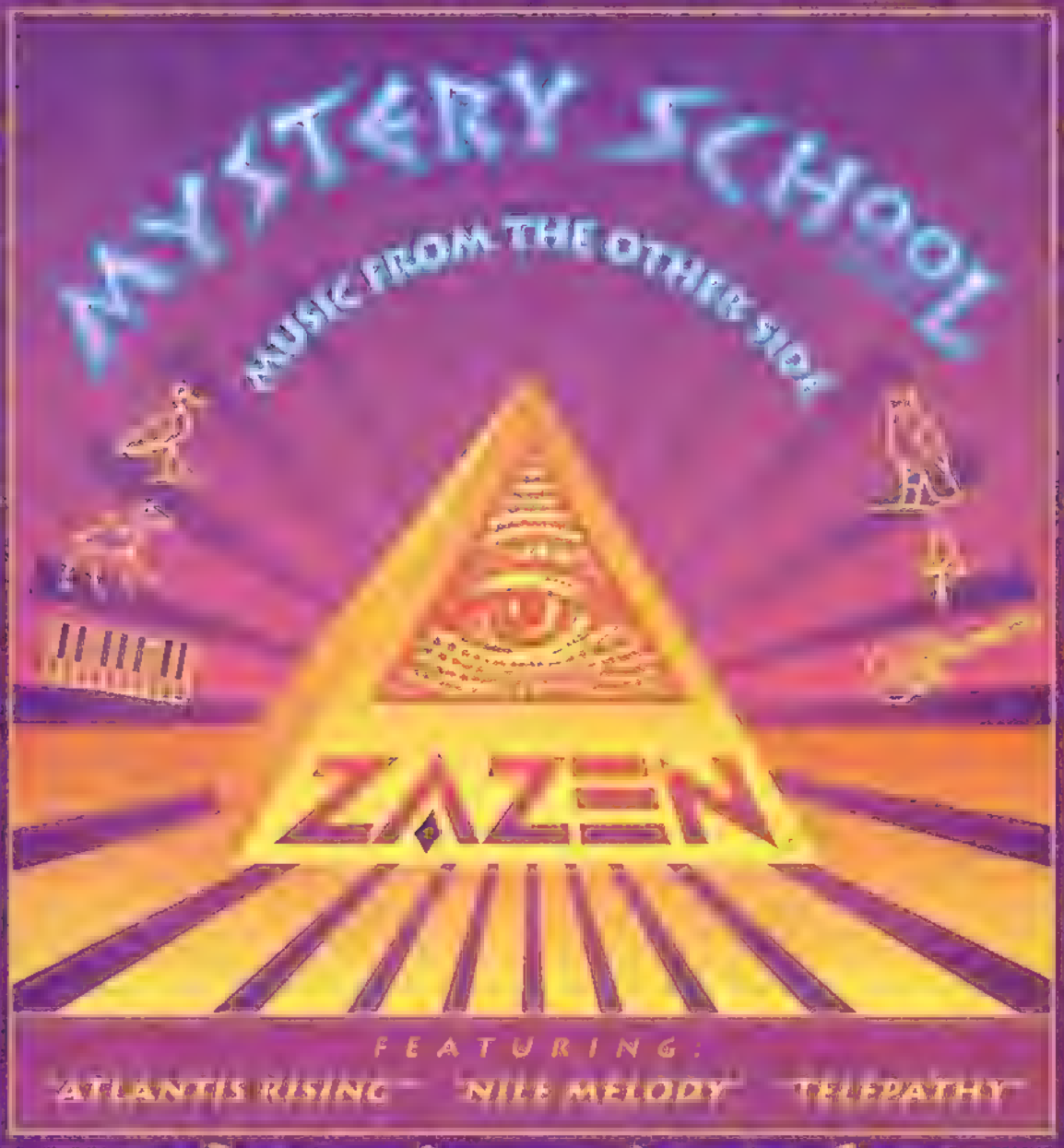

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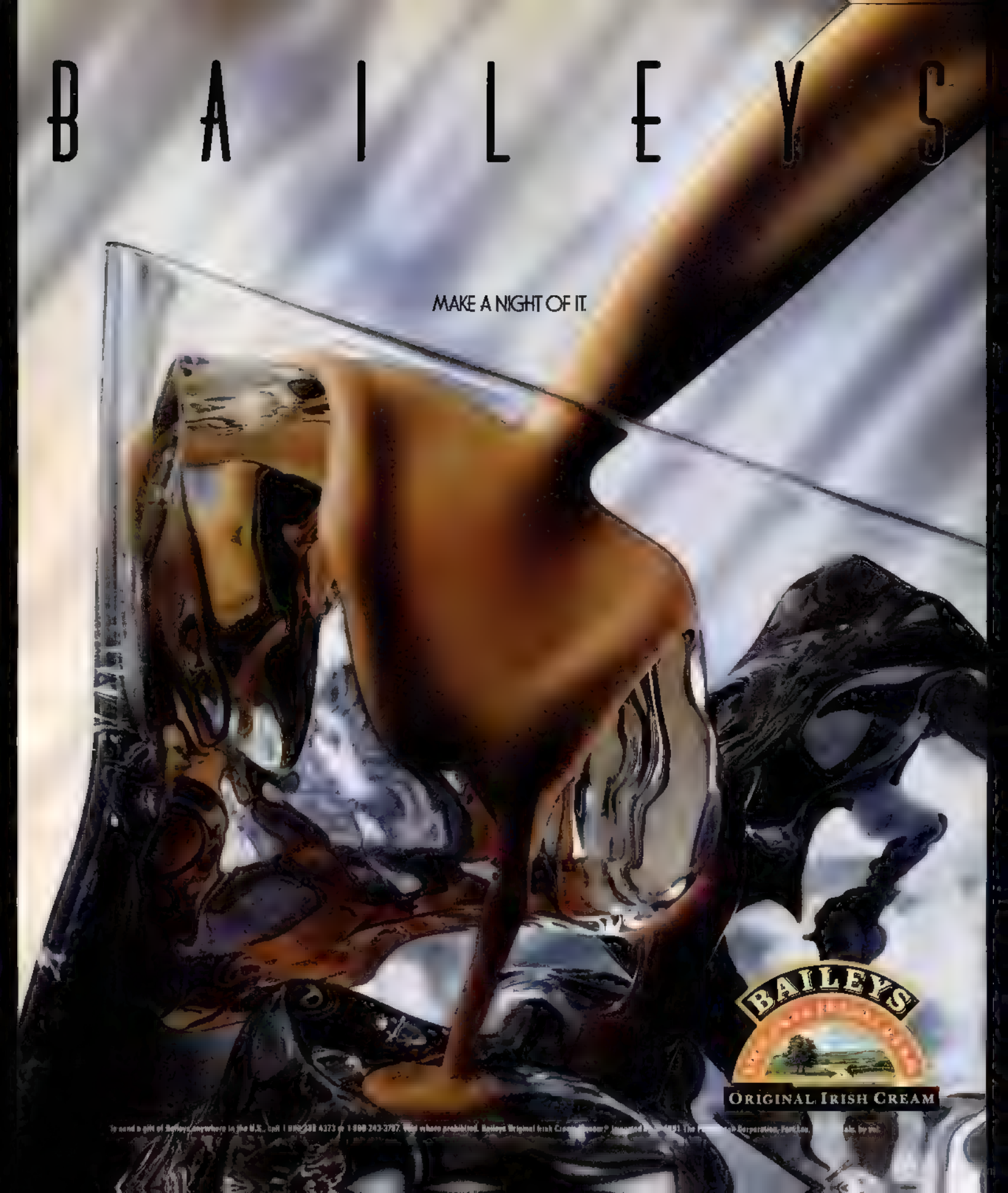
BAILEYS
MAKE A NIGHT OF IT.
BAILEYS
ORIGINAL IRISH CREAM

SPINS

REVIEWS EDITED BY JIM GREER

PLATTER DU JOUR

SOUNDGARDEN

Badmotorfinger

A&M

Can you say crunchy? I know you can—and say it loud like you mean it, because upon listening to this fine 12-song sophomore major-label effort by Seattle sons Soundgarden, it's a word that comes in mighty handy. The band (Chris Cornell, alternately singing from under the floorboards and screaming for dear life, guitarist Kim Thayil, bassist Ben Cromer, and drummer Matt Cameron) stomps all over these tunes until they end up just shards of matter in your head. Soundgarden throws you to the bottom of a very deep well and leaves you there to make your own way up; forget about calling for help, 'cause no one will hear you.

Since Soundgarden first swam into the rock ecosystem, the band has been cultivating a lush and humid world all its own, and many credit the band with what has now come to be known as the Seattle sound. Whatever. There's a lot of damned good music coming out of the Northwest, but contrary to what some critics may have you believe, *Badmotorfinger* will move you in a completely different way. For those of us who were jonesin' for a dip into some Soundgarden between 1989's *Louder Than Love* and this landscape, there was the Cornell–Cameron–Pearl Jam project *Temple of the Dog*. And although *Temple* was awesome and rocked like a word I can't use here, the virgin release by Pearl Jam and *Badmotorfinger* come from different places altogether.

Lyrical themes of oppression and dysfunctional religion run rampant throughout *Badmotorfinger*. Cornell once told me, "I grew up in a repressive situation and that causes people to malfunction—so if I'm angry and want to express it, I write a song." It's easy then to see why lyrically and vocally he seems on the verge of an explosion. "Slaves & Bulldozers" threatens to slam you into a wall one too many times. Perhaps an indictment against record-biz fakery, it contains some vintage Cornell vocals as he screams, "What's in it for me?" On "Holy Water," he claims, "Holy waters rusted me." There's even some spastic horns on "Room 1000 Years Wide," which was previously released as a Sub Pop single, and an even more prominent horn section for "Drawing Flies."

Buried within this stretch of fertile earth there are some choice '70s musical comparisons begging to be drawn, and I know my colleague Bob Mack would like to throw Budgie and Jethro Tull into the mix, but suffice it to say that whatever awesome heavy rock experience you might have grown up with, you can probably find traces in these tunes. And that is certainly *not* a bad thing, because the songs aren't derivative. There are many layers from which to choose: "Jesus Christ Pose," which is the first single and makes an appearance in Cameron Crowe's new flick *Singles*, starts with a kind of free-jazz throwdown and moves quickly into the realm of rockdom. Visions of the band's early SST "Flower/Head Injury" days dance in your head during "Face Pollution," and there are some weirdly tweaked intro barnyard descriptions leading into "Searchin' With My Good Eye Closed," until the song kicks into a psychedelic swirling mass of sounds.

So at the end of the day, *Badmotorfinger* is waiting to be used and abused, shredded and spindled, and just generally rocked to. Tend to this garden of sound and I guarantee a fruitful crop will rise up and take over the world. *(available mid-September)*

Lauren Spencer

AMY GUIP

"One Of The Top Ten Bands To Watch In 1991"
-Spin

"Best Bay Area Rock Band"
-S.F. Weekly

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Rave to the Grave

BY TONY FLETCHER

FROM LONDON TO LOS Angeles, Berlin to New York, the sound in this year's summertime clubs has been the relentless fury of hard techno, otherwise known as rave music. While techno originated in Detroit, and *raves* is the British term for the mini-Woodstock acid-house festivals, it is, of all people, the Belgians who've grabbed the musical concept by its generous balls and sold it back to the world.

Hypnotically aggressive and mind-numbingly one-dimensional, the techno rave sound caters to those who, rather than calming down after two years of acid house, wish to stretch the limits of tolerance even further. The tempo is faster (up to around 127 beats per minute from house music's 120 bpm), the synthesizers sound like choirs of hard rock guitars (replacing house's soothing pianos), and the music frequently stops dead at the end of a 16- or 32-bar stretch for a cheerfully dumb chant like "One-two-three rave."

Three such tracks have already been major hits in the U.K.: **"Quadrophonia"** by **Quadrophonia** (ARS, U.K.; Streetbeats, Belgium), **"Anasthasia"** by **T99** (XL, U.K.; Who's That Beat?, Belgium), and **"Night In Motion"** by **Cubic 22** (XL, U.K.; Big Time, Belgium). The first two have rap versions available, but rave music is not really about vocals: "Anasthasia" works for its truly apocalyptic orchestral introduction, while "Night In Motion" borrows heavily from the ground-breaking "Cubik" by 808 State.

The universal popularity of "Anasthasia" has spawned many cheap imitators. **"Andromeda"** by **Gazza** (Instinct) is just one such bare-faced

The Handy Omniscient SPIN Rating System

● = Go directly to your local record store. Buy this album. Immediately. Kill if you must.

◐ = Whoa! Slow down, pal. This album is pretty good, but you can't buy everything in the store. Can you?

○ = Stop it. Put that down. Go buy something to eat instead. You have to eat, too, you know.

MC LYTE
Act Like You Know
First Priority/Atlantic

Straight up—if you consider yourself a rap aficionado, let alone an MC Lyte fan, skip the first side of *Act Like You Know*. It falls way off and lands squarely in pop-rap hell. Ladened with sounds expressly designed for urban contemporary radio (lame new jack swing, noisy extraneous scratching, and boring R&B riffs), the production does little to support the booming bass of Lyte's legendary style, flexing hardcore ballistics on the crazy nut-grabbing tip. Instead her voice has the eerie, anemic sound of a lost MC in a musical identity crisis.

She finds herself on the second side, thank God, and comes back kicking shit harder than ever over fat, simple drum beats and some seriously slamming samples. Lyte proves once again that she is one of rap's most proficient raconteurs, weaving wicked tales of B-girl braggadocio ("Kemikaze"), Lolita-esque hotties ("2 Young 4 What"), lost love ("Like a Virgin"), and lost lives ("Lola From the Copa"). *(available mid-September)*

Joan Morgan

LLOYD COLE
Don't Get Weird on Me, Babe
Capitol

Cole's second solo outing promises to create his biggest commotion yet. The first half of *Don't Get Weird on Me, Babe* captures a familiar tortured romantic, drunk on the sound of his own words, pushed to extremes by a tough rockin' band. Using a stoic delivery to mask raging emotions, the twangy "Weeping Wine" would be a new country classic in the hands of Rosanne Cash; "The One You Never Had" embodies airy brilliance, thanks to heart-rending guitar from trusty Robert Quine. If the muscular playing sometimes

example, but the New York label that licensed it is better recommended as home to local boy **Moby Hall**. Under his own name, Moby has produced one of this year's most alluring club hits, **"Go!"** (utilizing *Twin Peaks* strings for haunting effect); as **Brainstorm** he has offered up **"Rock the House"**; and as **Voodoo Child** (with a track of the same name) he has raised the tempo past 130 bpm to take rave music to a frenzied extreme.

New York's other main rave talent is 19-year-old **Joey Beltram**, who is nothing short of a hero in Europe, where his EPs, ***Beltram Volume I*** and ***II*** (Outer Rhythm, U.K.; R&S, Belgium), dominate dance floors. Back in New York the Invasion label is licensing Dutch acts like **Frequency** and the aptly named **Turntable Terror**, whose **"Break"** is another attempt at taking the hardcore sound beyond all reasonable restraints.

Expect more domestic major labels to follow the example of RCA in releasing the excellent **"Malfunction"** by Britain's **N-Joi**. Economical compilation CDs of the Belgian sounds—***Serious Beats Vol. I*** (Trance Mission), ***Take 7*** (Dance Opera), and ***Rave Sensation*** by **Hypp & Krimson** (Dance Opera)—are also available through Caroline Imports.

But beware. While rave music is truly addictive in a club, at home its abrasiveness can seem like an invasion of privacy. Admits curiously named Belgian producer Ro Maron, "It's music that only makes sense when you play it loud."

THE "A" LIST: Test Department, "New World Order," (Jungle, U.K.); **Carter the Unstoppable Sex Machine**, "Sheriff Fatman" (Chrysalis); **Billy Bragg**, "Sexuality" (London Re-mix) (Go! Discs, U.K.); **Blur**, "There's No Other Way" (Food, U.K.); **Ravebusters**, "Mitrax" (Dance Opera, Belgium).

clashes with the wispy vocals, consider it an artistic use of tension.

Part two, however, delivers the heaviest goods. Joined by veteran conductor Paul Buckmaster, Cole leans in close to the mike for six songs with full orchestral backing. All of a sudden, he's found his natural groove! Dreamy and strange, "There

for Her" recalls the lush Hollywood existentialism of Glen Campbell's "Wichita Lineman" (an underrated gem, I kid you not). Best of all, the stunning "Margo's Waltz" could be Brian Wilson producing Dionne Warwick, coating bitter sentiments with a sweet candy shell. Is that cool enough for you? *(available late September)*

Jon Young

BULLET LaVOLTA

Swan Dive

RCA

After conducting a rigorous program of research into the great works of modern rock'n'roll history—with a specialty in AC/DC, Motörhead, and the school of D.C. hardcore—some guys in Boston designed a vehicle to combine the speed and honesty of hardcore with the glamour, violence, and monster-movie imagery of heavy metal. They called it Bullet LaVolta. At the head was Yukki Gipe, the master of disaster, a vision from the heartland in mascara (since removed) and a torn Black Flag T shirt, chosen for this prestigious position on the basis of his passionate screech and convincing onstage imitation of a lab mouse fleeing an evil scientist's scalpel. From day one the band was an incredible spectacle: The twin oaks of Clay Tarver and Bill Whelan sway and crash, Yukki tries to walk on the ceiling, and you've never heard music of this brutal force that's so much fun.

Unlike most heavy rock bands, Bullet LaVolta never strays far from the pleasure principle—the band's not kidding when it cites New Order (the disco band, not the post-Stooges out-

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ALSO AVAILABLE: ALBUM/TAPE/CD TYPE THING (LP/CA/CD) CRZ 008; SMALL BLOCK (EP/CA EP/CD EP) CRZ 014; "Surrender/Getaway" (Split 7" SNGL w/ CHEMICAL PEOPLE) CRZ 701.

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SKIN YARD gushes a nasty, volcanic lava that pumps your pale at muscle. On their new LP, 1000 SMILING KNUCKLES, shards of guitars thrust across a murderous bass and drum grind drenched in blood, sweat and screams, pound after pound. Ben's strapping throat lurks and suddenly erupts on each of these ten new psychopowered SKIN YARD songs. 1000 SMILING KNUCKLES mutilates the torso and crunches the cranium with raw psychopower. Produced by Jack Endino. CRZ 017 (LP/CA/CD)
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=MAS discos locos=

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WORLD BEAT

Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan

BY RICHARD GEHR

WHEN YOU SQUINT, PAKISTANI singer Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan resembles Jabba the Hutt a little more than he does Luther Vandross. And judging from Khan's Persian and Urdu lyrics, he is a man not without substantial . . . appetites. "O my beloved," he sings in "Mera Piyya Ghar Aaya" on *The Day, the Night, the Dawn, the Dusk* (Shanachie), "I love you so much that if somehow my whole body gets converted into eyes even then my desire to have you in front of my eyes will not be gratified." Khan is literally blottoed by the force of his passion, a love that's spiritual and sexual at the same time.

Nusrat is the latest and greatest in a 600-year lineage of singing Khans working changes on the *millennium*-old Sufi devotional music known as *qawwali* (meaning "praises"), which arrived in India from Iran about eight centuries back. Since India was already hip to the *Kama Sutra* when *qawwali* arrived, it's no surprise that it hit the charts with a bullet, and currently stacks up as India's most popular form of music.

Khan's *qawwali* unit includes singers, harmoniums, and tablas, with hand claps providing the basic beat. A typical piece opens with a relaxed introductory *alap* and gradually takes off like a spiritual Concorde. In pieces lasting from ten minutes to half an hour, Nusrat initiates phrases that pass back and forth between singers, building to orgasmic waves of call-and-response crescendos as meaning dissolves into pure sound and power. The point, as you may have guessed, is to get off and see God musically by a kind of cosmic head-banging experience.

In addition to *The Day, the Night, the Dawn, the Dusk*, with its three long pieces compiled from previous recordings, two Khan albums recorded during a single stint at Peter Gabriel's Real World studios are also available on that label—the fusion experiment *Mustt Mustt* and a traditional fallback, *Shahbaaz*. Both were produced by Michael Brook, whose work on *Set* nearly turned Youssou N'Dour into the crossover star he appears doomed to become.

But where *The Day, the Night, the Dawn, the Dusk* and *Shahbaaz* parade Nusrat and friends on the verge of getting it on, *Mustt Mustt* is an occasionally pretty failure that trims and rearranges Khan's improvisations into three- to five-minute pop songs with Frippish "infinite" guitars, schmoozy keyboards, and other Eno-ambient mumbo jumbo. The title track and "Nothing Without You (Tery Bina)," however, are lovely tunes from any point of view. But I do anticipate *House of Shah*, a set of dance remixes in the *bhangra* mode (coming someday to this column)—they couldn't be any less inspired than Massive Attack's "Mustt Mustt" version. Why don't they ever think to invite someone like Motörhead's Lemmy, or even Adrian Sherwood, for these remix gigs?

WONDERFUL WORLD

Al Tall & Muluk El-Hwa, *Xarq Al-Andalus* (Erde, import); **Raúl Barboza,** *King of Chamame* (Erde, import); *Madagaskar 2* (Feuer und Eis, import); **Akendengue,** *Silence* (Celluloid, import)

Pakistan's king of *qawwali*, Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan.

CELEBRITY SKIN

Good Clean Fun

Triple X

What's good about beatnik/melting-pot/art-metal bands—whatever you call 'em—is that at least their alternativeness has guts enough not to be *bland*. Unlike regular-clothes wearers of the Chills or Yo La Tengo stripe (though not Urge Overkill or Death of Samantha, I guess), Jane's Addiction and Faith No More at least have enough life in them to *annoy* me by how they look *and* how they sound. They don't settle for puniness, which is half the trick. Celebrity Skin, from L.A. of course, wants to be *real* big, so the band cross-dresses in lizard costumes and Kabuki outfits. And it's not even all that metal—more like opera glam with arch-rock changes, like Jane's with more hooks and a worse rhythm section. Or Redd Kross on a Mael Brothers jag.

Sounds pretty disgusting, I know, and don't think the band doesn't know also. This is *'90s* prog, remember; i.e., it's a *joke* and no smarter for it. But that doesn't mean Celebrity Skin doesn't have any dumb luck. Much of *Good Clean Fun* is a long intricate ho-hum holding pattern. But between circusy melodies, echoed gang choruses, Liverpool doo-wop, pretty chimes, and symphonic slogans ("I'm gone with a flick of the wrist"), these mutants do manage an intermittent sort of cynical Hollywood-style ebullience. My favorite number's the one where two little kids get booted out of the house for throwing wild parties, sung to music shoplifted from Alice Cooper and the Who. Preteen angst is the great subject art-metal deserves, I'd say. *(available from Triple X, Suite 240, 2020 North Main St., Los Angeles, CA 90031)*

Chuck Eddy

STEVIE NICKS

Timespace—The Best of . . .

Modern/Atlantic

I went out with Stevie Nicks a few times. Sure I did; the scarves, the shawls, the scenes, the sniveling, the lack of sense. Well, if it wasn't her it must have been someone who had "Edge of Seventeen" and "Leather and Lace" running on continuous play as she racked her wardrobe for exactly the right pair of crushed-velvet stack heels—one of the generation of flakes to whom Nicks was a den mother. This astonishing retrospective not only triggers unhappy memories of encounters with girls sporting chiffon-draped top hats but vividly points up the paradox of a catastrophic personality (monstrous self-regard mixed with mawkish self-pity) translating into awesome, enduring magic.

From *Bella Donna*, Stevie's quintessential "I walk among, but I am not of" statement: the aforementioned "Leather," "Seventeen," and that collision of indolent blondness, "Stop Draggin' My Heart Around." From *The Wild Heart*: The ominous "If Anyone Falls," "Beauty and the Beast," and the fantastic "Stand Back," in which Nicks, from her permanent vantage point of 1967, takes on the then-burgeoning British synth dance movement *and whomps the living shit out of it!* And then from the career peak that was *Rock a Little*: "I Can't Wait" in all its drama-pumped glory, "Talk to Me," demonstrating definitively what Nicks' delivery with

its aura of sights seen and deeds done can do to an otherwise inoffensive staccato shuffle.

Best of all: "Has Anyone Ever Written Anything for You." After producing a moment *that* inspirational, *that* incandescent, there was only one place to go. Detox. Her clean and sober don't-call-this-a-comeback set, *The Other Side of the Mirror*, had Nicks in neutral, the siren of old coming to the fore only with "Rooms on Fire." Even if she never returns to form (and on the evidence of the customer-tempting new cut included here, a Jon Bon Jovi collaboration, "Sometimes It's a Bitch," it doesn't look encouraging), this truly immaculate collection stands as testimony to the potent combination of a romantic heart and an all-consuming ego. This is the *real* gypsy woman. *(available early September)*

Jonathan Bernstein

ALEXANDER "SKIP" SPENCE

Oar

Sony Special Products

Skip Spence's lone solo album was legendary almost as soon as it was released back in early 1969. After a career that involved three major Bay Area bands (Quicksilver Messenger Service, Jefferson Airplane, and Moby Grape), Spence dropped off the face of the scene. Rumors did not abound, but it has been popularly believed that he was visited by the same chemically spawned daemons that tore Syd Barrett out of Pink Floyd. Whatever the cause of Skip's departure from Moby Grape, it was obvious by the stark and disoriented sound of *Oar* that he had kissed the thought of crafting a pop hit goodbye.

Singing in a voice that presaged the baronial richness of Kevin Ayers, skittering around the guitar much as Barrett would on *his* LPs, Skip created a suite of destroyed psychedelic blues tunes that have aged better than any other "rock" record released in 1969. From the soul-dead country ramble of "Weighted Down (The Prison Song)" to tracks like "Lawrence of Euphoria," which are rhythmically and syntactically constructed in such a way as to be comparable only to Barrett, *Oar* represents an apex of wasted, late-night listening.

The sound on this reissue is magnificent. Many lost nuances have been pulled from dark corners, as have newly extended song endings and five completely new tracks of exceptionally odd and beautiful content.

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Teena Marie

BY CHUCK EDDY

YOU CAN MISTAKE TEENA Marie's rock for mush if you want, but if you're not careful, her mush will rock you. Her bathos makes her craziness crazier, and to her, the distinct on's moot. The clue's in how she stirs styles (Broadway schmooze, supper-club bebop, halfway-house soul, hard funk, harder rock, concert hall k tsch, samba, salsa, batucada, bossa nova) together—not one after (or on top of) another, but all ladled bowlwise so every ingredient oozes amorphously. "I know heaven rocks," one of her liner poems goes. "How can I ex per-ess to you what music has meant to me? / How Rachmaninoff makes me think of you / Always in time and how the primordial soup thickens when I say that my world spins on your axis." Our world spins on Teena's axis, but her music can sound soupy. Souped up, too.

Her cup's always runneth-ing over; the dribbles jell into chunks, the chunks dissolve into dribbles. Her niche calls for up-to-the-minute urban-contemporary black pop, unusual since she's white, but she never stops there. Like Prince and Michael Jackson, she's gradually backed away from discofied pulse, and like Jacko (but *not* Prince), she's managed to make post-Afropolyrhythm more voluptuous without contracting it. Disco piles churches and circuses atop hypnotic hyperaction; Teena doesn't pile anything, but her palette's immense anyway. Everything's overdone—hooks, beauty, the universe. It's a deep, rich, unashamed sun-moon-and-stars kind of wonder, not a piddling tumbleweed *excuse* for wonder. Teena loves us too much to let

Oar has long been one of America's truly exceptional musical experiences. It sold only a few hundred copies when it was initially released because people were looking for new, flashier kinds of kicks. Hopefully we're beyond all that now. These are the real goods. Dig 'em. *(available mid-September)*

Byron Coley

RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS

Blood Sugar Sex Magik
Warner Bros.

I'd like to tell you about the new Chili Peppers album, but I haven't heard it. I *have* heard rough mixes that played during a party thrown last summer in the supposedly haunted, four-story Hollywood Hills mansion where the band temporarily lived and recorded the disc.

The songs were almost as cool as the party—and hey, Faye Dunaway was at that party. The song "Blood Sugar Sex Magik" seemed particularly Peppery, but it was the stuff betraying the influence of producer Rick Rubin—acoustic numbers that avoided Danzig dopiness, and cuts built on spare, big Queens beats—that was most interesting.

Rubin downplays his input, but there's definitely a new vibe going on, if only because the studio was bathed in red candles and set up, U2-style, in the living room of the manse.

Sounds good on paper, so what the hell, let's give it the green light. But caution: The beer was warm and Rick Rubin's beard is so long he looks like ZZ Top, Jr. *(available late September)*

Bob Mack

INFECTIOUS GROOVES

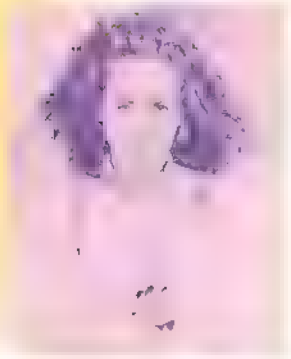
The Plague
Epic

Robert Trujillo is the best bassist Suicidal Tendencies has ever had; his precise slapwork on *Lights . . . Camera . . . Revolution* highlighted the funky verve ST's suburbo warzone riffs had all along and helped push *Revolution*'s kinetic-energy factor higher than damn near any hard-rock album ever. For this Suicidal Tendencies side project, the game is metal funk—Trujillo digging into past experience while Suicidal's front man Mike Muir expands his horizons with dis raps and a grizzled bluesman

us fend for ourselves.

She's a very kinky girl, the kind you won't take home to mother, and she'll never let your spirits down. She busted out of Rick James's L7, maybe she was his super freak, but I doubt it. But she's freaky, all right—more hippie freak than "Le Freak" freak, though she aims for both: "I am upper suburbia and I am Venice Harlem / I am one million and one contradictions to my complacent life." ("Complacent"?!) A parade of LP jacket poses, starting with 1980's *Lady T*—sequined opera prima donna, baseball tomboy, flower child, synagogue matron, bank robber, teen angel, paisley punkette, glamour gypsy, nose-ringed Nile goddess.

Instead of covering old songs, Teena writes eulogies. Or she just steals old *titles*—"Surrealistic Pillow" (Jefferson Airplane), "Casanova Brown" (Gloria Gaynor), "Sugar Shack" (Jimmy Gilmer and the Fireballs). She was the first person to really mix singing and rapping ("Square Biz," 100 pounds of sophisticated '81 funk with Maya Angelou in it, and Nikki Giovanni, too). Her 12-inch remixes explode her albums' unhingedness inside out, emphasizing scat attacks ("Work It," the only picture disc I own), French slang ("Lovergirl"), cheeba ("Here's Looking at You"), purple-prose mountains' majesty ("Surrealistic Pillow"). The 1986 12-inch "Lips to Find You" mixes deadly riffs to Guns N' Roses levels for ultimate intensity; Teena (Axl's only competition when it comes to belting out with the mouth at every conceivable angle) seems obsessed, possessed. Asks her lost lover, "What're you gonna do?"—like his planet's due to cave in, like Heart on "Crazy on You."



The divine Lady T.

imitation.

Good: Ozzy Osbourne sings on "Therapy," Muir's always ready with defiant slogans, and Excel guitarist Adam Segal apes the chunk-happy ST ax approach (lead demon Rocky George guests on two tracks). Bad: Most of *The Plague* reconciles "just more metal funk" with the current Suicidals sound (producer Mark Dodson returns to provide the crisp sheen he gave *Revolution*). The best bit is a between-songs argument between Muir and would-be backup singer Aladdin Sarsippius. *(available mid-September)*

Tom Nordlie

POOR RIGHTEOUS TEACHERS

Pure Poverty

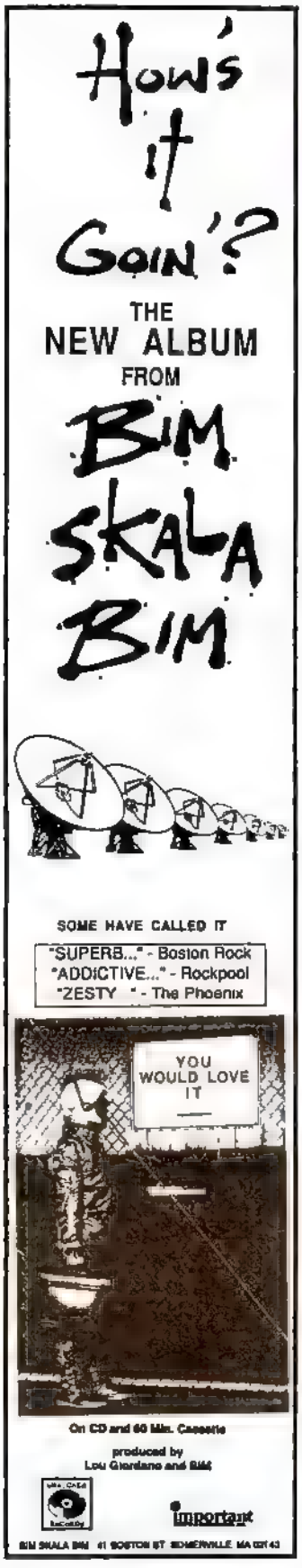
Profile

Poor Righteous Teachers' second album is a lot like Mike Tyson in 1989. It may leave you feeling nostalgic for the days of a nicer champion, but it's undeniably the hardest hitter out there. In a kind of musical jihad, lead rapper Wise Intelligent raps with the speed and intensity of an automatic weapon, and when he dips into double-time dancehall style, his lingual dexterity earns nuff respect. The cuts and scratches slash like a ratchet, and mysterious sound bites tumble out one after another, creating a sultry, steamy, stupid-hype mesh. The result is a level of density rivaled only by the best work of Hank Shocklee's Bomb Squad.

The production on *Pure Poverty* is in some ways even more daring than the Shocklee wall-of-sound strategy, because it dares to be spacious, and even at moments weak and is therefore all the more powerful when PRT really kicks out the jams. Also in defiance of current orthodoxy, samples are not used as substitutes for verse and chorus structure; instead they punch in unpredictable flurries, with little repetition and endless ingenuity. As resourceful and artful as PRT's musical constructions are, their hate-fest lyrics are even more amazing—a furious tirade of racist, hard-line Five Percent Nation of Islam doctrine. Their lyrics sound more like the separatist rantings of the KKK than the gentle teachings of the Koran. So you have a choice: Listen to your politically correct but less funky records, or dance your way to the gas chamber. *(available mid-September)*

Dimitri Ehrlich

HYPNOTIC.
HAUNTING.
HOODOO...
The return of Alison Moyet. "HOODOO," her new album, featuring HOODOO, IT WON'T BE LONG, and WISHING YOU WERE HERE.
ALISON MOYET
Produced by Pete Glenister
On Columbia.


How's it Goin'?
THE NEW ALBUM FROM
BIM SKALA BIM
SOME HAVE CALLED IT
"SUPERB..." - Boston Rock
"ADDICTIVE..." - Rockpool
"ZESTY " - The Phoenix
YOU WOULD LOVE IT
On CD and 60 Min. Cassette
produced by
Lou Giordano and BIM
Important
BIM SKALA BIM 41 BOSTON ST SOMERVILLE MA 02143

MADONNA

The Early Years: Give It to Me

Receiver (import)

She's learned to filter it through Motown, Donna Summer, soft AOR, the barrio, and Lake Tahoe, but the barebacked groove Madonna rides originates from Europe, mainly Italy and Germany, whether her Rochester foreign-language classes ever visited there or not. Lately, though, she's resorted to sub–Dr Buzzard '40s camp and sub–Grace Jones conceptual twaddle, or to a dim fussiness borrowed who esale from the Association or Staple Singers or worse. By giving up disco and power ballads for Lent, she's retreating from life, love, and the beat. Needless to say, I'm content to wait for *Truth or Dare* to come out on video.

The Early Years: Give It to Me is her most reckless album, more disco than *Madonna* or even *You Can Dance*, and evidently she had no control over it whatsoever—so much for Superwoman myths, huh? Recorded in her pre-icon days with an apparent Aryan named Otto Von Wernherr (the notes say 1986 through 1991, but that sounds kinda fishy), it basically features little snippets of girl-squeak repeated from song to song, then clipped and clapped and extended into evil chants over neon-orchestra drones and panicky manikin cybermarches. Madonna (if it's really her) gulps and sighs and squeals "Here come the gods!" like a eunuch as some zealous Teutonic meanie prods her forward with his technotronic pistol.

In a way, this isn't so much different from a thousand anonymous dance discs likewise made in Europe during the 1980s. Except it's got Madonna on it, which makes it even sicker and stranger than the competition—Otto turns the most famous entertainer in the world into just another scared voice in the city at night. *(available on import)*

Chuck Eddy

BLUR

Leisure

SBK

I hate to say it, but this record really sucks. I present, as evidence, Exhibit A: The Stone Roses were unlistenable schmaltz to begin with—who needs a dull carbon copy? Exhibit B: *Leisure* sounds so exhaustingly uninspired that you need 12 cups of espresso to stay awake during the entire thing. Exhibit C: From the band's promo pic it's evident that these Brits have spent more of their advance money on clothes and hair than on secondary matters such as rehearsal time.

Blur's label must be pretty desperate—the U.K. press kit calls the band "shaggable" (limey lingo for "pretty fuck look" à la Pussy Galore) and also includes the godawful lyrics to the entire album. I could stomach the wretched music on its own, but combined with the bad juvenile pseudo-poetry the band uses as song lyrics and the geeky pretty-boy photos, it makes me thirsty for blood.

Watered down disco psychedelia like this is an insult to the intelligence of the targeted marketing group—14-year-old *Sassy*-reading girls—so who *is* supposed to buy this record? I sincerely hope that there is in fact at least one redeeming quality to this record and that I'm an old sourpuss, but I kind of doubt it. I've just had to listen to the Velvet Underground for two hours to cleanse my system of Blur. *(available late September)*

Johan Kugelberg

JOAN JETT & THE BLACKHEARTS

Notorious

Epic

If you are a Joan Jett fan you know what to expect. If you've read about her, it sounds the way you'd expect it to sound. And if you're just not interested, *Notorious* won't interest you.

Jett has succeeded in proving that she rocks, without the qualifier "for a woman." But it all sounds formulaic, right down to the sequencing, which alternates ballads and rockers. Her

voice is raspily sincere, the power chords are all in place, and the one song not built around a standard beat, "Lie to Me," uses a standard alternative choice. "Machismo" is an interesting title, but unfortunately she fits the image, singing, "It's always such a show when anyone is watching." Jett can mix hard rock's crunch with the hook and sweetness of bubblegum ("the only good thing") and that livens up pop radio nicely. I'll get my fill there. *(available mid-September)*

Robert Gordon

BAND OF SUSANS

The Word and the Flesh

Restless

A band with a big booming sound must take care not to fall into empty portentousness. When Thalia Zedek sang for Live Skull—a group sharing Band of Susans' Glenn Branca–trained New York guitar-drone heritage—she always managed, with a phrase as simple as "It's not really like having fun / It's like trying to forget someone," to pin a recognizable emotion to the vast swell of the music. This is a trick Band of Susans doesn't always pull off. *The*

Little Sutty's Quest for Music *by Mark Blackwell*

the little sutty cartoon drama theatre is proud to present:
THE ESSAY ABOUT LIFE -PART FOUR-
Last month's cartoon was really a drag. Everybody was just sitting around.
Many readers were somewhat stupefied.
WHAT AN ODD CARTOON!
I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS!!
HEY, WAIT A SECOND! NOTHING'S HAPPENING HERE!
WHAT'S THIS CARTOON COMING TO?!
There were riots across the country and violent protests outside the cartoonists house in Brooklyn.
KILL
WE DON'T GET IT!
No!!

Word and the Flesh suggests a penchant for abstract allegory that the song titles "Ice Age" and "Estranged Labor" distressingly confirm. And "Sermon on Competition, Part 2," offering the promise of a sense of humor, only delivers "Someday I'll make you crawl Someday I'll have it all," sung in the gothic wail of a herald of capitalist doom

No doubt about it, Band of Susans is afflicted by a bad case of self-importance that undermines its nice big guitar sound. There are exceptions, especially the no-nonsense "Now Is Now," which achieves real propulsive force and infuses a line like "You know she'll always be there when she needs you" with bracing sarcasm. *(available mid-September)*

Ivan Kreilkamp

HOLE

Pretty on the Inside
Caroline

The weathervane continues turning, from R.E.M. to the Red Hot Chili Peppers and now, perhaps, to Sonic Youth. Coproduced by SY's Kim Gordon and Don Fleming (B.A.L.L., the Velvet Monkeys), this three-fourths-female quartet (the male plays guitar) favors the wash of guitar distortion that has stayed with the Youth through its various styles. Hole is more about the collective noise they make—alienation—than any individual song, and if it's unoriginal, it's still quite a lovely noise

The vocalist gives heavy attitude when she deigns to sing through her pain and is less grating when she shouts the lines; the resulting dynamics, however, are worth the posing "Starbelly" is a collage that quotes Neil Young, Fleetwood Mac, and an answering machine—culture clash, man. But even in these nothing's shocking times, the guttural vocal on "Good Sister/Bad Sister" is chilling. If Hole is an omen of what's to come, pop is about to get very interesting—and very dark. *(available mid-September)*

Robert Gordon

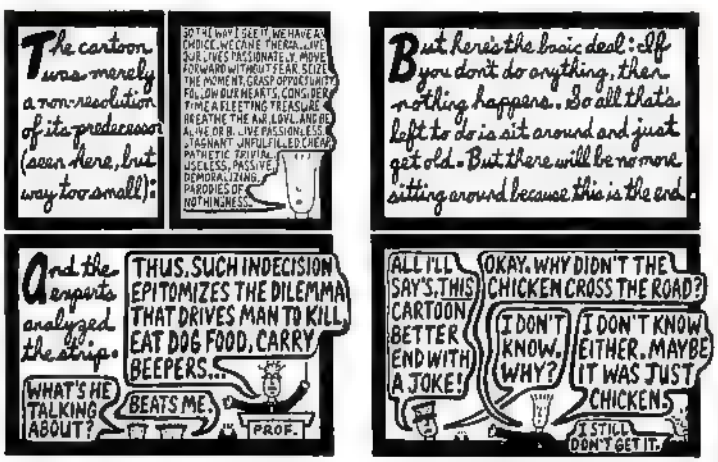
SISTER DOUBLE HAPPINESS

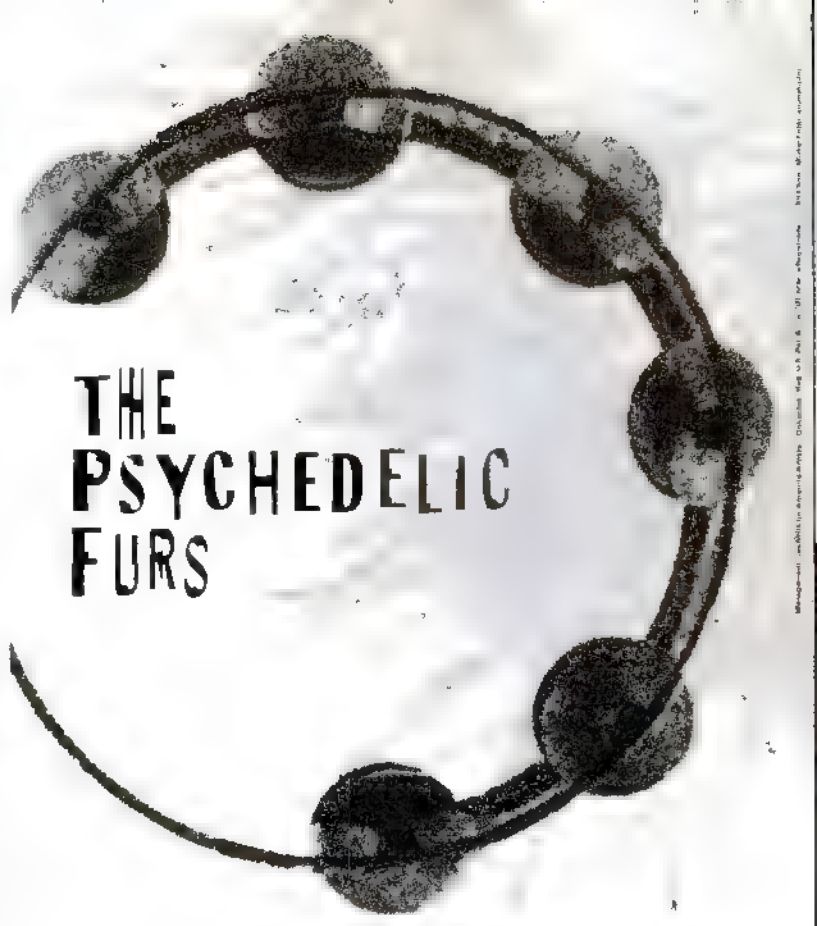
Heart and Mind
Reprise

From San Francisco comes the enigmatically named Sister Double Happiness, purveying uncomplicated, love-obsessed, heavy blues-rock, untouched by the stylistic and technical developments of the last 15 years. Any punk influences have been leached out; singer Gary Floyd's soaring growl gets a touch o' studio reverb, nothing else. Hit singles would be possible but accidental, though "Bobby Shannon" has the right blend of hypnotic swing and Zeppelinesque thud (think "When the Levee Breaks") to grab college radio.

Heart and Mind is both a sophomore effort and major label debut. It recasts two anthemic, hard-driving numbers from Sister's 1988 SST debut, and doesn't stray much from the biker-bar approach that a bum took. Okay, the "C'mon, people!" environmentalism of "Ain't It a Shame" smacks of retrohippie thinking, but "Dark Heart" is a genuinely dignified antiwar dirge and "Sailor Song" sounds like Gordon Lightfoot meets Waylon Jennings. So there. *(available early September)*

Tom Nordlie


The cartoon was merely a non-resolution of its predecessor (seen here, but way too small):
SO THE WAY I SEE IT, WE HAVE A CHOICE. WE CAN E THER A...LIVE OUR LIVES PASSIONATELY, MOVE FORWARD WITHOUT FEAR, SEIZE THE MOMENT, GRASP OPPORTUNITY, FOLLOW OUR HEARTS, CONSIDER TIME A FLEETING TREASURE, BREATHE THE AIR, LOVE, AND BE ALIVE OR B. LIVE PASSIONLESS, STAGNANT, UNFULFILLED, CHEAP, PATHETIC, TRIVIAL, USELESS, PASSIVE, DEMORALIZING, PARODIES OF NOTHINGNESS
But here's the basic deal: If you don't do anything, then nothing happens. So all that's left to do is sit around and just get old. But there will be no more sitting around because this is the end.
And the experts analyzed the strip.
THUS, SUCH INDECISION EPITOMIZES THE DILEMMA THAT DRIVES MAN TO KILL, EAT DOG FOOD, CARRY BEEPERS...
WHAT'S HE TALKING ABOUT?
BEATS ME.
PROF.
ALL I'LL SAY'S, THIS CARTOON BETTER END WITH A JOKE!
OKAY. WHY DIDN'T THE CHICKEN CROSS THE ROAD?
I DON'T KNOW. WHY?
I DON'T KNOW EITHER. MAYBE IT WAS JUST CHICKENS.
I STILL DON'T GET IT.

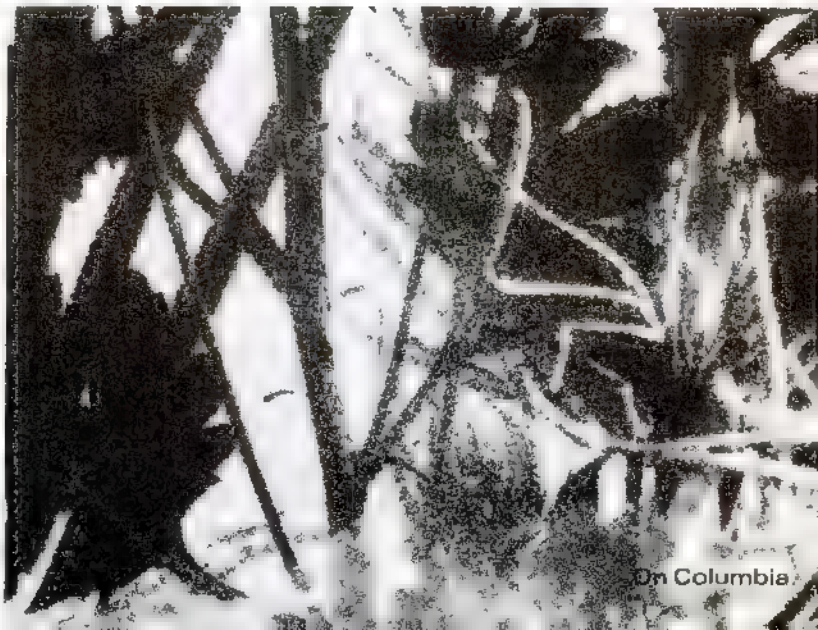


"...exotic, a little dangerous and cool."
—Rolling Stone

"Powerful."
—New Music Express

"WORLD OUTSIDE"

The acclaimed new album from The Psychedelic Furs, featuring Until She Comes, Don't Be A Girl, In My Head and There's A World. Produced by Stephen Street and The Psychedelic Furs. On tour this fall.



On Columbia

Public Enemy

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to use all your senses. We want to make very cinematic music that way." The tracks were their own scripts. "I call it sound marketing," says Shocklee. "We wanted to put certain hooks in the sound so that when you heard it coming out of a car, you knew what record was on. It was Noise," he says, and you can hear the capital N. "We wanted to submerge you in sound, a thunderstorm of sound. And Chuck's voice would come out of it like the voice of God."

If rap was the TV of black America, Public Enemy's ratings were through the roof; they even borrowed broadcasting techniques. "The tracks are recorded two dBs louder than usual records. You know how commercials are louder than the shows? They get your attention. That's what we wanted."

Chuck D cannot stop talking about *Apocalypse '91: The Enemy Strikes Black*, the follow-up to the conceptually expansive but musically spotty *Fear of a Black Planet*:

"There's a cut called 'Shut 'Em Down' about corporations that don't contribute to the communities they're based in. We've got to shut 'em down. It's a low-tempo, big-beat jam that I like very much.

"Also, 'One Million Bottle Bags.' That's a malt liquor campaign. I got involved with that because so many fights start over an empty beer bottle. Those companies depend on the black dollar, putting high alcohol content, unnamed elements. Just another form of genocide. St. Ides is exploiting Ice Cube just like Billy Dee [Williams] is exploited by Colt 45."

"The first album was an attack on the materialism, the cold-gettin'-dumb era. We wanted to put

"There are people who do art for artistic reasons. I do it for commercial reasons. There's no such thing as art if you don't share it wit' anybody."

PE logo designed by Chuck D.

some sense in there. The second record was hittin' hard to make people understand how corrupt the white system is. The third record was about the problems white people have with themselves.

"This record is the one where we deal with the problems we've got with us. Black accountability. In *Straight Out of Brooklyn* the guy says, 'Yo, you come in and talk about the white man but you beatin' up Mama.' That's right—fuck that psychoanalytical shit. Yo, you beat down one of your own or kill them or something, you gotta pay the fucking price. Fuck what the white man did. That shit is over; well, not over, but you're just contributing to it. You might as well be the motherfucker."

"Won't that be a bitter pill for some folks to swallow, coming from you?" I ask.

"Yeah. But people have to understand that you gonna have to blame yourself too. Blame him all you want, but blame yourself."

ANOTHER TV CREW IS WAITING WITH ME, THIS time in Manhattan, in a hot photo studio. Chuck D is late, and Flavor Flav's children play quietly as he and Sister Souljah, Public Enemy's newest member, complete an MTV interview. Souljah may prove less troublesome than ex-member Professor Griff, whose anti-Semitic antics nearly destroyed the group two years ago. Public Enemy always meant to educate, to "build five thousand black leaders," not to vie for ink with the Trumps and the Swaggarts of this world. The group's desire to tap into—without necessarily representing—the post–Black Power charge inherent in rap got momentarily derailed.

The children join Flavor before the camera, waving and chanting, "Yeah, boyeeee." Flavor will not take pictures without Chuck or the S1Ws [Security of the First World], so he leaves. Soon Chuck arrives.

For the photo shoot, Chuck D wants to recreate

Lollapalooza

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bummer, man," said Gibby.)
4. Ice-T says Henry knows the words to just about every rap song.
5. He used to be in a band called Black Flag. (Okay, so we could only think of four things.)

COLOUR ME GOOOD
Monday 5:00 P.M., Irvine, California
Oh, come on, everybody already knows everything about Living Colour. The band opened for the Stones and everything. Probably the most "mainstream" of the Lollapaloozans, Living Colour stuck out of the lineup, but not necessarily like a sore thumb or anything. It's a good band, even if its cover of Pere Ubu's "Final Solution" (perhaps a token for the alternative veterans in the crowd) was pretty horrific.

SPIN: Have you been out in the crowd yet?
Will Calhoun: I checked out the art tent. So that's what they call art now? It's like in America people are scrambling to feel like they're free—and the art-politics tent is a representation of that. I question whether people really want to be free. There's a reasonable amount of interest in the tent, but you have to ask yourself how many people go home and really think about it.
SPIN: The nipple-piercing exhibition seems to be a lot more popular than the politics.
Calhoun: I guess sometimes you've got to pierce your nipples before you can really think.
SPIN: Do you think that since Lollapalooza's doing well, radio might loosen up a bit?
Muzz Skillings: Honestly I think it's going to take more than that because you have bands like AC/DC that sell out megatours, go platinum, whatever, never getting much airplay. I think we've got to make a bigger dent in the minds of people to get them to think. It's up to everyone: radio, magazines, TV, movie makers . . .
Calhoun: It's up to *us*.
Skillings: When Living Colour had some success, people said, "Well, record companies will want to repeat it, so they'll find other black rock bands to sign." Hasn't happened. It takes a lot to upset a system that's been in place for decades.

FIVE THINGS YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT LIVING COLOUR:
1. You probably already know everything, so let's get on to the embarrassing part.

JANE SAYS—HOT
Sunday, 8:30 P.M., Four Seasons Hotel, Newport Beach, California
This is the part Mark and Jim hate to admit. The guys from Jane's Addiction won't talk to them. Apparently it's not personal because they say they're not talking to any journalists on this tour, but enterprising reporters will stop at nothing to get a story. So Mark suggests throwing beer on Perry Farrell backstage to break the ice. Then Jim suggests that Mark rear-end guitarist David Navarro's car as they leave the hotel behind him one afternoon. Of course, none of this happens. But Mark at least gets to meet Perry. Turns out that the violinist from Jane's Addiction is Morgan Fichter, the girl who used to be in Camper Van Beethoven, and that Mark used to have a big crush on her or something. So just after having successfully begged some guy he hardly knew into introducing them, they're hanging around in the hotel bar when Perry saunters by.
Perry Farrell: Hey Morgan, you coming to see *Terminator 2* with us?
Morgan Fichter: Nobody invited me.
SPIN: Hi, I'm Mark. I'm from SPIN.
Farrell: Hi (shaking Mark's hand firmly but disinterestedly). You can't come to see *Terminator 2* with us.
Fichter: I think I'll stay here.
Farrell: That's cool. Bye. Bye, Martin.
SPIN: Bye.
Fichter: He called you Martin.
SPIN: That's okay.

BUT AT LEAST PERRY DOESN'T STOP MARK AND JIM from seeing his show. Jane's Addiction's set is the most theatrical of the Lollapalooza lineup, partially because it's the only one that takes place in the dark with the full effect of the lighting, and partially because theatrics are just one of Perry's priorities. Weird psychedelic backdrop films, a couple of palm tree and statue props, dancer-strippers who flail around and do sort of an erotic "Like a Virgin" thing together, a heartwarming home movie of Perry getting married, and a guy on stilts who looks like a giant puppeteer are among the complements to Jane's emotion-drenched music.

Jim later looks in Mark's official reporter's

a photograph of Huey Newton, founder, leader, and minister of defense for the Black Panther Party. The assistants have found the props, and run about, setting them up against a pale white wall.

Chuck investigates. "Can't y'all find an Uzi," he says, laughing and fingering the shotgun. "This is some Civil War shit here."

"People ask why rap can't survive," says Chuck, a thirtysomething veteran in a young man's game. "It can, but folks are gonna have to learn the science of it. They have to learn the science of record companies, of the audience's impulses, of marketing. We had to learn about the timing of rap in the major-label industry. Timing is ninety-five percent. You gotta predict album, singles, artwork, sequencing, everything, three months in advance. There's a science to it."

So Public Enemy is as much a marketing phenomenon as it is a cultural or musical one.

"Gotta be. Everything is sold through some sucker. People say the best things in life are free, or should be. But they're not. You pay for air, some people pay for sunlight. You gotta pay for water and land. Everything is sold, be we gotta be in charge of our shit. When we don't pay attention to how to market ourselves, there's definitely a problem when other people come in to sell us to us. And all we can do is be mad."

He sits in the chair, trying it on for size. I'm getting ready to go. Chuck D and I slap hands. And in his eye, looking at the chair and gun and spear, I think I can see what the young Chuckie D must have looked like, hunched over his black superheroes.

notebook and the only description written for the whole Jane's show is: "When Morgan plays the violin she is absolutely, positively the most radiently [sic] beautiful creature on earth." Jim is nauseated by this (sick). But Ice-T's description of the show may be more apropos: "Jane's has all these real tribal beats going. It's real jungly, so it's cool." Ice and Perry also provide the only interband interaction (so far) with their duet of Sly Stone's "Don't Call Me Nigger Whitey," which seems to confuse the crowd more than anything else, but allows them to scream madly each time "nigger" or "whitey" is shouted. Overall, the Jane's show was a pretty happening event and a climactic conclusion for the Lollapaloozan day.

FIVE LAME THINGS MARK AND JIM SCRAPED UP ABOUT JANE'S ADDICTION:

1. Perry wanted the Blue Angels to fly over the show at Irvine.
2. Perry was talking about dogs once in the hotel bar, but Mark felt guilty eavesdropping so he doesn't know why he was talking about dogs.
3. On opening night, David Navarro spent a lot of time throwing down his guitars in the middle of songs.
4. Naturally Mark and Jim can't confirm this, but there were rampant rumors of fistfights in the Jane's dressing room after the show.
5. This is probably Jane's farewell tour.

Girls *(Seeing Mark's backstage pass, and rubbing up against him suggestively)* I'd do *anything* for you if I could go back and talk to Perry Farrell.
Marks Yeah, I know how you feel.

If you're a Jack Daniel's drinker we'd like to hear from you. How about dropping us a line?

FROM THE LOOK OF THINGS in Jack Daniel's Hollow, there's a touch of autumn in the air.

Seeing two of our employees toss a football around reminds us that fall is rapidly approaching. And we hope the signs are equally evident wherever you happen to live. Somehow, we've always felt our Tennessee Whiskey tastes best in the cool air of autumn. A lot of our drinkers feel that way too. So we see no reason to delay your first toast to the season.

SMOOTH SIPPIN'
TENNESSEE WHISKEY

Tennessee Whiskey • 40-43% alcohol by volume (80-86 proof) • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Proprietor, Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop 361), Tennessee 37352
Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.

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and fell down on the ground in helpless misery. I felt numb as if I were covered in layers of cotton. I kept trying to break out of this numb dizziness. I was saying over and over, "All I want is out of here."

Drawing on his Players, Burroughs states matter-of-factly, "The stuff is quite toxic. If I hadn't puked my guts out, I would have been dead."

Burroughs found yage the most powerful mind-bending drug he had ever taken, and after his experiences with it and the accidental shooting of his wife, he felt he had gone beyond the limits; the seeds of *Naked Lunch* were sown, and it was time to write it down.

Upon returning to New York, Burroughs learned that Ace Books had decided to publish his first effort, a *You Can't Win*–styled manuscript of his continuing exploits as a heroin addict; the book was titled *Junky* and written under the pseudonym William Lee so as not to embarrass his family, who was still supporting him with a monthly stipend of two hundred dollars.

Taking up again with Ginsberg, Burroughs decided—much to the anguish of Ginsberg—that they were going to become lovers. At first Ginsberg accommodated Burroughs, loving him as a mentor and close friend, and not wanting to hurt Burroughs already severely damaged feelings. But Burroughs's obsession and neediness were too much for Allen, and he finally exploded, rejecting Burroughs, who fled to Tangier and resumed his routine of scoring junk and paying boys for sex.

COULD YOU HAVE WRITTEN *NAKED LUNCH* ON junk?" I asked him as we sat there smoking cigarettes.

"No, I don't think so. I was coming off junk."

"Was that the main reason you stopped, to write the book?"

"No. Not really." Burroughs thought about it hard and long. "No. I had gotten to the point where I had a fairly heavy habit, and I had to stop."

It was a two-year-long process of cure and relapse involving sleep cures in Morocco and apomorphine treatments in London before Burroughs finally finished *Naked Lunch* in Tangier. Not long after, in February 1957, Jack Kerouac visited Burroughs, bringing with him the exciting news that Allen Ginsberg was becoming the rage with disenchanted college students across America through readings of his poem *Howl*, and Kerouac himself had signed a deal with Viking to publish a novel on one of his crazy cross-country road trips with Neal Cassady, to be titled *On the Road*.

It was all coming together. Hip had been born through the desperation of this wacky trinity of William Burroughs, Jack Kerouac, and Allen Ginsberg, and the world was waiting to embrace it. But unlike *On the Road*, published in late 1957, when it soared up the best-seller list making Jack Kerouac a hipster celebrity, *Naked Lunch* took nine years to find a publisher brave enough to put it out. And if *On the Road* was a celebration of the new existential hero and his quest for God, *Naked Lunch* was a descent into hell and a hard fuck in the ass for the Devil himself.

And it only took Hollywood 29 years to start production.

"Are you pleased with David Cronenberg's vision of *Naked Lunch*?" I asked him; the film had just gone into production in Toronto.

"I like it, yes," Burroughs said thoughtfully. "I've read the script, but I can't tell much from reading the script what it's going to look like on the screen. Scripts aren't meant to be read, after all; they're meant to be put on the screen. But obviously it's going to be a Cronenberg film."

"Are you a fan of Cronenberg's?"

"I have one recurring dream, which I call the Land of the Dead dream, where I'm in the Land of the Dead and everyone I see is dead. The only thing that bothers me about the Land of the Dead dream is that I can never get any breakfast."

"Yes, very much so. I didn't want to write the script. I don't find myself really confident to write movie scripts. Writers can write scripts that read beautifully but might not be worth putting on the screen because they're too impractical; writers tend to *write* the script—rather than write it as a manual of instructions, which is what a script is. And in my case I just don't know enough about films to do that.

"The film project of *Naked Lunch* has a long, long history. Brion Gysin tried for years to get backing for the film. They thought they had backing at one point; then the next day they couldn't get past the secretary. That's the way it went. Nothing happens until it happens."

IT WAS TIME TO GO. BUT I STILL HADN'T FOUND what I came looking for. Sure, the official version of why we were here was to get the lowdown on the film of *Naked Lunch*, but that wasn't why *I* had come. I had come to find out if living so close to the madness, if being on a first-name basis with all your personal demons, if a life of hanging out over the abyss, had been, well, okay? Or was it just as damaging as trying to do it the normal way?

And since William Burroughs had led the way in every aspect of fucking your life up and getting through it, even triumphing, I thought he might have the answer.

Burroughs got up from the table and fed the cats in the kitchen while I packed up my gear. I went into the kitchen to thank him for being such a gracious host and he asked me if I wanted to see the garden.

I followed him down the back steps, past the orange box, passed the garage filled with his canvases, and across the lawn to where the cherry tomatoes were ready for picking.

"Taste that. Isn't it sweet?" he said picking one from the vine and handing it to me. We stood silent for a long while.

"Norman Mailer said I might be possessed by genius," he started, catching me off guard. "Well, *that's* the point. You don't possess it. You aren't a genius, but you're lucky when you're possessed by it. And you have to get out of the way to be possessed by it. The more you're thinking about your individuality, or your *me*, the less you're going to be contacting anything of the slightest bit of interest.

"You become the tool. Exactly. Henry Miller said, 'Who writes the great books? Not we who have our names on the covers.' The writer is simply someone who has an antenna of which he tunes into certain currents. Of times, when he is lucky. A medium, as it were.

"You see, when I paint my self-will is not involved at all in the process. But in writing, you can't help but see what's in front of you. So you have to know what you're doing, but your scenes and characters come from God knows where!"

"How do you get out of your own way?" I asked as we stood looking over the garden, staring at the sunset. Burroughs was leaning on his cane, enjoying the serenity of it all.

"Well," he started slowly, "it's a matter of emptying yourself."

I stood respectively in silence, waiting for Burroughs to collect his thoughts, knowing he usually traveled to some pretty far places to find them.

"You know," he started again, "some of my dreams are so real—they are realer than my so-called waking life. Much realer. They have no connection with my waking life at all. The idea of waking up here never occurs to me. I have one recurring dream, which I call the Land of the Dead dream, where I'm in the Land of the Dead and everyone I see is dead. The only thing that bothers me about the Land of the Dead dream is that I can never get any breakfast. I try to get breakfast and the restaurant is closed. That's typical of the Land of the Dead, no breakfast. And then just the other night I had a dream, a complicated dream where I was in a strange city that I had never seen before. And I found that I could levitate. I've had flying dreams and jumping off dreams, but in this one I was lighter than air. I could levitate and control speed and direction. But here's the point, in this dream I was afraid I would wake up and find out this was just a dream and I couldn't levitate. But not that I would wake up here, but in that city I'd never seen before, I was so very far away, from the very entire idea of Kansas. . . . "

And as the sun set, I realized that the madness does take its toll, that facing the void and living to tell the tales of that horror leaves you forever altered. Yeah, going that far over the edge leaves you in a lonely, sad place where you are doomed to spend your time of dreaming of the next place, the next challenge, forever wanting more. But very rarely ever being here now.

Then the sun was gone, and it was time to say goodbye.

Metallica

continued from page 45

will take a well-earned rest. James'll go duck hunting, Jason'll crank the reggae and play hoops, Kirk will flip through his Japanese comics, and Lars—well, Lars, in his own words, "is more itchy than the other guys. Two weeks after the tour I'm, like, Fuck, let's *do* something!"

James Hetfield may *be* Metallica, but hyper little Lars Ulrich, who looks like a cross between Paul McCartney and the Wild Man of Borneo, *lives* the band. "It sounds so dumb," he says, "but I'm basically just rock'n'roll music, or metal—that's all there is for me."

While the others flee during lulls in recording, Ulrich stays perched on the engineer's shoulder. While the others avoid L.A., Ulrich isn't averse to going for a drink with Slash and winding up on all fours in the gutter. This social ease comes from his gift for gab. In a tart, almost contemptuous Danish accent, he'll declaim on any and all subjects. More than the others, he's comfortable looking at the big picture. While they gingerly distance themselves from previous albums, Lars "doesn't talk shit" about the old stuff "because that's where our heads were at the time." He alone notes that the group's initiation of bassist Newsted reflected upon its own inability to deal with Cliff Burton's death.

So where does all this circumspection come from? Same place as Hetfield's enormous will: the family. Ulrich's old man was a Danish tennis pro (and Lars himself a ranked junior), a long-hair jazz critic who took Lars to his first concert (Deep Purple) when the lad was but nine. He also played his son Miles and Bird records at home, and took him on the tennis circuit. "I traveled more before I was ten than I have with Metallica," recalls Ulrich, who ends up playing a cosmopolitan Mick to Hetfield's trailer park Keith.

After getting his first drum kit, Ulrich found in music his "one escape from the discipline of tennis." And by the time his family moved from Denmark to Los Angeles in 1980 (to facilitate Ulrich's budding tennis career), the demon seed had already sprouted.

"After six months, the tennis fizzed out. I was fuckin' sixteen and started smokin' pot, lookin' at girls, growing my hair, and looking for other people to play with." Infested with overrated new-wavers like X, L.A. was "a barren wasteland for metal," he remembers. "Bread heads would call and say, 'Yeah, I'm into metal—you know, REO.' And I was, like, I don't think so."

Like a metal Morrissey, Ulrich pored over the music papers, bought imports, even went to England to hang with Diamond Head and other heroes of British heavy metal. Upon returning from overseas, he phoned this quiet kid called James he'd played with once before, and the rest, as they say, is history . . . .

Like Hammett, however, Ulrich took lessons because he felt insecure about his abilities. So by the time . . . *And Justice for All* came out in 1988, he was outdoing Neil Peart with insane double kick-drum antics and roto-tom fills. "Some of the progressive things became boring to play live. You ended up playing more with your mind than your body, and it was difficult to get a bond going with the audience."

There won't be that problem on this tour, for as Ulrich says, he "finally has a vibe goin' in a major fuckin' way." He says he wanted to get away from Peartian paradiddles and back to the basics employed by Charlie Watts and AC/DC's prehensile ex-skinsman Phil Rudd. What he actually came up with is a golden mean between the two extremes: a loud, deliberate stomp peppered with offbeat crashes and unexpected ticks.

Nowhere is this killer batterie more evident than on "Sad but True," a track that Bob Rock, after hearing only a demo, labeled "the 'Kashmir' of the '90s." Both the band and Rock cringe at this description now, but they do allow that the singular guitar riff is on that epic scale. But it's not only the guitar but the cannonlike drums that make the comparison apt. For although it's sad that it's taken this long for someone to equal John Bonham's massive attack, it's also true that Lars Ulrich has shown himself to be man enough to finally do it.

As my interview with Lars Ulrich wound down, one question kept nagging: What would Cliff have thought of this new direction?

"Whoa! That's a good one." For once Ulrich is caught offguard—but just for a second. "If he was here today he would hopefully feel the same way. The great thing about Cliff was how abstract he approached the bass. But I wouldn't be painting the whole picture if I didn't say that once in a while we tried to get him to tone down a little bit. And sometimes that wasn't the easiest thing to do."

Like they say, sad but true.

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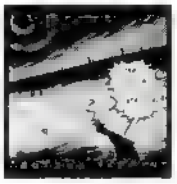

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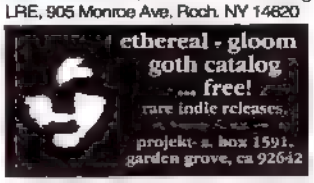

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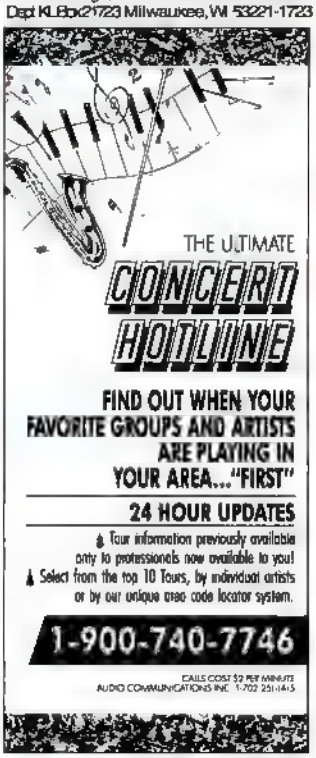
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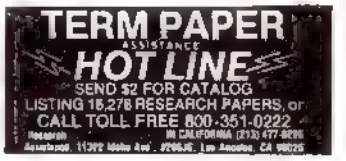

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One of our nation's highest patriotic purposes is the quest for "cool." And our favorite pathway to this goal is the Total Makeover. We sniff out the latest cool things and go for them. Once more, SPIN is ready to lead the way. Just follow these simple hints and you will be a transcendentally sublime creature, the envy of lesser slugs unworthy of stacking poo.

There's neither time nor space to cover every aspect of a true total makeover, but these four highlights will make you total enough—and *instantly*.

1. CLOTHING. What we wear is part—and sometimes all—of what we are. This is wonderful because nobody needs to waste any time learning about you; they understand everything *instantly* because you're cool enough to wear your baseball cap backwards. But why stop there? Wear your shirts, pants, even your Blast-Pump Cross-Trainers backwards! This will lend mystery to your persona since it will be a toss-up as to where you're coming from. Also, it will be hard for enemies to get you from behind, since you will appear to be facing them!

2. MORE CLOTHING. Currently Cool people wear jeans with ripped knees and fannies. Not good enough. This is major passé. Truly Cool will move ahead to *total shredding*! Starting this very second, rip not only every garment you are presently wearing, but everything in your closet, in your friends' closets—*get it all!* Now tackle every other fabric in the house—drapes, sheets, the works. You may also wish to experiment with burning and blasting of new garments; then try chipping walls, uprooting electrical circuitry, and hacking branches off nearby shrubs. Be inventive!

3. HAIR. Anyone can dye, spike, dread, or shave their hair. But terminally groovy people, with evolved planetary awareness, will henceforth plunge onward with *interspecies coiffure adornment.* Planet earth is rich in flora and fauna; why be content with bright orange dye or camelias when we can decorate our heads with badger paws, blue jay feathers, or herring shards? The forward-thinking Truly Cool will entwine their tresses around lamb shanks, sliced luncheon meat, or small live mammals. Vegetarians will prefer to substitute tofu, lentil loaf, or sprigs of privet hedge. It's a wide, wide world of possibilities!

4. SPIRIT. Even the coolest externals are vain without an equally cool internal value system. That's why SPIN's Instant Values Department has developed its *Bookshelf of Big Print Self-Help Volumes.* The following books have lots of pictures and an 800-number to dial in case you need further explanation. Here are just a few you will want to read right away, unless you'd rather wait for the video:

Winning Through Whining

Dare to be Taller

Five Seconds to Total Enlightenment

Financial Security by Bedtime

Inner Superficiality: The Zen of Phoniness

Order any of the above titles and receive, at no additional cost, our Special Bonus Volume, *Instant Philosophical Quotes*, which includes such Truly Cool wisdom as "Fat men know where the food is," "Only the past is predictable," and "Silence is the beginning of wisdom—and the end of noise."

You will be perfect before you know it, and only seconds before the rest of the world realizes it. Sorry this took so long to read. ⓢ

HOLLY MIDDLETON

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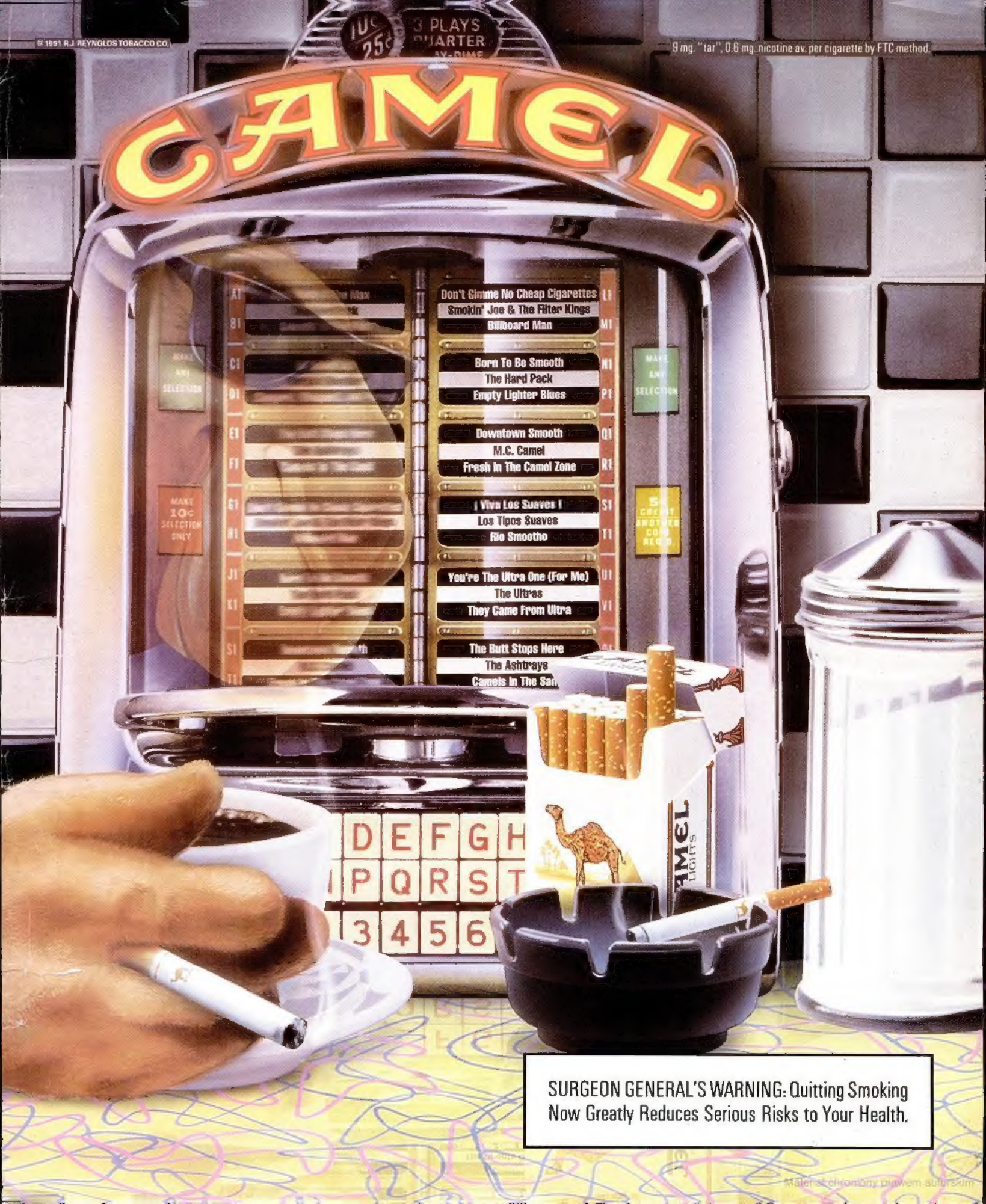
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